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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of the Life of John Law, of Lauriston, including a detailed Account of the Rise, Progress, and Termination of the Mississippi System. By J. P. Wood, Esq. 12mo. pp. 234. Edinburgh, Adam Black; London, Longman and Co.

HAVING recently in the pages of this Journal explained the principle, and given the outline, of a plan, by which, in our opinion, a firm and beneficial currency might be established in Great Britain,—productive of extraordinary national advancement and prosperity,—and having heard it objected to this design, that it resembled the wild speculations and ruinous schemes of the famous Law of Lauriston, we took up the present volume with more than a common portion of curiosity and interest. We were previously familiar with the historical transactions to which it bore a reference; and, even at a late period, we had learnt from Lord John Russell's work to doubt the sense of being carried away by oft-repeated generalities on the peculiar question which it involved. But we were not prepared for the full exposition now before us, nor for the great change which we think it is calculated to produce in removing the too prevalent prejudices that have been handed down respecting the public measures of the remarkable character whose memoirs are here set forth. Critics, who have fancied it more easy to condemn by a sweeping assertion than to investigate and analyse, will, perhaps, be somewhat surprised to discover, that in comparing any plan with the banking scheme introduced by John Law into France, they, instead of depreciating, were paying it the highest possible compliment. Such, however, is the case; and it is clearly demonstrated in this volume, on authority and reasoning which can neither be questioned nor overturned,—the authority and reasoning of the intelligent and profound M. Henri Storch, who has treated Mr. Law and his system in the most severe and unfavourable manner.*

"In the course of the eighteenth century," (says this able writer), France has been twice the victim of paper-money; first, under the regency of the Duke of Orleans, by the famous system of Law, and again by the assignats during the Revolution. The history of the system of Law embraces such a variety of facts, and these facts so complicated, that it is difficult to find a clue to conduct us out of the labyrinth. But as it is of less importance to follow the historical detail of the system, than to mark its spirit and consequences, I shall confine myself to the events which are important in this view, passing by the others, however curious in themselves. France, at the death of Louis XIV., found herself burdened with a debt of 3,111 millions of livres tournois, bearing an interest of eighty-six millions. There was no means of meeting this debt but by the excess of revenue over the ordinary expenditure, which, in time of peace, amounted only to nine millions. The

regent named a commission called the *Visa*, which, by the most arbitrary operations, reduced the debt to 2,000 millions, and the interest to eighty; yet the government was just as unable to discharge the reduced, as it had before been to discharge the unreduced, debt. At this crisis, Law, a Scotchman by birth, presented to the regent a project for relieving the state from this load of debt by means of credit, and without injuring the interest of individuals. Before entering on the details of this project and of its execution, it will be necessary to develop the principles of its author respecting the nature and effects of credit. This analysis will be the more useful, as the ideas of Law on this subject are still extensively adopted in Europe. Money, said Law, is only the sign which represents riches in circulation. Gold, silver, copper, leather, notes, shells, and every other material used to estimate or measure real riches, are only riches of confidence or opinion which form what is called credit. A louis d'or, a crown, are notes, of which the impress of the prince is the signature; and, as things are only valuable according to the purposes that they serve in society, it is indifferent whether a louis, a note for the same sum, or even shells, are employed to represent the value of other commodities. It is unnecessary to refute this sophism. Law ranked in the same class metallic money, and fictitious or conventional money; but there is this difference between them, that the one has an intrinsic value, and the other not. The first is not a mere sign, but real wealth; the other, on the contrary, is only a sign. Metallic money has scarcely need of confidence or credit to preserve its value, whilst fictitious money only exists by credit; that is to say, by the persuasion that it can at any time be exchanged either for coin or other commodities. Without doubt, things only receive their value from their usefulness; but metallic money has a double use, it may either be employed as money, or as a useful and precious metal; whereas fictitious money can only be employed as counters. Besides, gold and silver can only be obtained by long and painful labour, or at a very considerable expense of production. The material of fictitious money, on the contrary, scarcely requires any labour, and, consequently, its quantity may be augmented at pleasure. In fine, the value of gold and silver is more invariable than that of any other commodity, while that of paper fluctuates with every change of popular opinion. It is not indifferent, then, as Law assumes, whether one use a louis or a note to represent the value of articles. Law, having established for the basis of his system the principle we are now examining, found himself dragged into the most absurd consequences. 'In a country,' said he, 'where there exists no circulating medium but gold and silver, its riches may be greatly augmented by the introduction of paper money.' This consequence, true to a certain extent, he admitted in an indefinite sense. Paper money augments the national riches only by filling up the place of

the metallic currency, which is disengaged from its employment as money, to serve other purposes, or to be exchanged for other riches. Law, on the contrary, imagined that the metallic currency, with the additional paper money, would continue to circulate together as money. He did not perceive that there might be too much circulating medium in a country; that this superabundance causes the specie to leave it; and that the paper, increased beyond the demands of circulation, would sink in value. He thought that the increase of the circulating medium would have no other effect than to lower the rate of interest, and that it would be absorbed by the increase of industry; and thus the abundance of paper money appeared to him only an additional source of public prosperity. But the rate of interest does not in any degree depend on the quantity of the circulating medium; and abundance of money encourages industry inasmuch only as it is convertible into capital."

It is needless to point out how just and forcible these arguments are:—they cannot be refuted. But only restrict the principle on which Law proceeded; take his theory as far as it may go with immense advantage, and no farther—the "consequence" confessed by Storch himself to be "true to a certain extent," though not to be "admitted in an indefinite sense;"—and Law's system will become at once a lesson and a beacon to succeeding times. What, in fact, was the result. Mr. Storch proceeds:

"In 1716 Law laid the foundation of his famous System, by the establishment of a bank for the issue of notes, for which he had obtained an exclusive privilege from government. The funds of this bank were raised by shares, and the notes were payable at sight, in specie of the same weight and fineness as the money in circulation at the period of their issue. This clause alone made them be sought after. Since 1689 the currency had been subject to perpetual alterations: the clause in the bank notes secured the holders against these arbitrary proceedings; and as the bank faithfully kept its promise, the notes were so much preferred, that they bore a premium of one per cent above metallic currency. The good conduct of the bank in the issue of its paper, its promptitude in fulfilling its engagements, and the universal want of credit, procured for it the greatest confidence, and disposed the nation to regard its founder as a genius capable of reviving the credit and commerce of France, at a period when they were almost annihilated."

And we are told in the memoirs: "the most beneficial effects were thereby produced on the industry and trade of the nation, the taxes and royal revenues being, by means of the notes, remitted to the capital at little expense, and without draining the provinces of specie. Foreigners, who had hitherto been very cautious of dealing with the French, now began to interest themselves deeply in this new bank; so that the balance of exchange with England and Holland soon rose to the rate of four and

* *Vide Cours d'Economie Politique*, vol. iv. Paris, 1823.

five per cent in favour of Paris. This bank subsisted in high credit, to the no small profits of the proprietors, till the close of the year 1718, when the Duc d'Orleans, observing the uncommon advantages resulting from that establishment, resolved to take it into his Majesty's hands, as at first proposed."

So long, therefore, as Law's plan of a well-secured and honestly-administered paper currency was acted upon, France flourished beyond measure, and from a bankrupt became a rich and prosperous nation. One might say, in the words of Hamlet, "Look on this picture and on this"—

"The long and expensive wars of Louis XIV. having superinduced an enormous weight of debt upon the nation, which groaned under the intolerable load of taxes imposed for payment of the interest, all industry was thus checked,—trade in a manner annihilated,—manufactures, commerce, and navigation had almost ceased,—the merchant and the trader were reduced to beggary, and the artificer was compelled, for want of employment, to leave the kingdom. In short, such was the state of affairs, that it had been debated in council, and proposed to the Regent, to expunge at once the debts of the state by a national bankruptcy."

This was France: we have just seen what Mr. Law made it before the Regent interfered with his system, and utterly departed from its foundations. What followed is no more attributable to Mr. Law than to Prester John.

"The new (royal) bank, being placed in the king's hands, departed from the principles of private and mercantile credit, upon which Mr. Law had originally fixed it, and proceeded upon those of public credit, which, in an absolute monarchy, as France then was, is no other than that of the sovereign, and consequently cannot be depended upon. To add to the evil, the tenor of the notes was changed, and ran thus: 'The bank promises to pay the bearer, at sight,—lives in silver coin, value received.' By this alteration, the money in the notes could not but keep pace with that in the coin, both being equally affected with every arbitrary variation made upon the latter. Mr. Law did all he could to prevent this alteration; it however took place."

Plunging on, the famous Mississippi expedient was resorted to, and mad speculation was loosened, without bound or limit; but with this finale we have nothing to do. It was no part of the original plan for improving the currency and resources of France—which did astonishingly operate to produce more than the good anticipated from it—and which would have continued to keep the country at the pinnacle of wealth and greatness, had it not been seized and perverted by a blind and tyrannous government. The combination of banking and commerce was the essential vice which ruined that system. While Law was simply a banker, and while his well-secured paper was the circulating medium, it was preferred to gold itself, every thing prospered, and France mounted out of anarchy and insolvency into extraordinary internal prosperity and external credit; when merchandise was superadded, the incompatibility of the two was speedily demonstrated, and a few gigantic speculations only retarded for a while, and rendered more dreadful, the crash which was, by this junction alone, inevitable.

Let us suppose for a moment that the experience of a century, during which the nature of such subjects has become infinitely better understood, led any minister to resort to a plan resembling, but far from being identical with,

that of Law. Is it not self-evident that he might stop at the point where that plan was fundamentally altered, and thus reap national benefits equally stupendous with what it produced? while warned by the great error committed a hundred years ago, he might regulate and restrain his machinery beyond the possibility of abuse. Let us suppose that the mass of the people were interested in the currency and its profits, instead of individuals or governments; that a maximum was fixed for the issue of paper, and that this paper was sterling, *bona fide* doubly or trebly secured; that publicity should attend every motion of the national bank, and its operations were diffused all over the country: suppose, we say, this done, and we challenge the most sceptical reader in England to deny that it must elevate the kingdom to a pitch of matchless power abroad, and happiness at home.

Early Metrical Tales, including the History of Sir Egeir, Sir Gryme, and Sir Gray-Steill. W. and D. Laing, Edinburgh; J. Duncan, London, 1827.

THERE are few volumes that we take up with more readiness, or that furnish us with more matter for thought, than one of "poesie of the olden time." With all the faults of coarseness that suited a period when a lover deemed his foeman's head fitting gift for "fair ladye,"—with all those defects of style which the utmost license and negligence could produce,—yet has our earlier poetry all that makes popularity, almost all that constitutes excellence. It is perhaps never more entertaining than it is at first: it is then the narrative of deeds made for admiration, while wonder "holds each strange tale devoutly true." Certainly never more pathetic, being usually the expression of real feelings, which poured themselves out for their relief, asking, if they asked at all, for sympathy, not admiration; and, above all, for a fearless simplicity, sometimes, we own, ludicrous, but oftener touching, and always a faithful and curious mirror. An ancient poem is an exact picture of its own times:—refined and improved as is our present style, it is among its greatest faults, that one of our hot-pressed, stanza-ing, and sonnet-ing volumes, if taken up five hundred years hence, would scarcely give an image or an idea of our existing manners or feelings. The work now before us has collected some specimens of Scottish romance; and we must say, they were worthy predecessors to the beautiful songs that have made its valleys haunted homes for the spirit of melody, and its glens and rivers sacred to beauty and tenderness. The fine tale of Sir Gray-Steill is the longest in these pages: as our own are more devoted to modern than antiquarian lore, the following short specimen is worthy extracting for its beauty, and cannot be very familiarly known to many of our readers:—

"Farewell, fare' weill, my yellow hair,
That curill cleir' into my neck!
Allice! that ever it grew sae fair,
Or yet is' to aane snood was knet.

Qu' har I was wont to dance and sing;
A' maing my marrows mak repair—
Now am I put furth of the ring,
For fadit is my yellow hair.

My kiltill wes of lincum green,
Weill laicit with silk'en paments rair;
God gif I had never pridefull 'beem',
For fadit is my yellow hair.

God gif my hair had been als b'lak'
As ever wes my hart full of cair,
It wuld not put me to sic lak,
For fadit my yellow hair.

Quhen I was young I had great sta'it,
Weill cherisht baith with less and ma'ir,
For shame now steill I off the gait,
For fadit is my yellow hair.

I wes our wanton of intent
'Of warldlie joys I tuke my share;
But sin hes nocht but sorrow sent,
And fadit is my yellow hair.

God gif the daik of luf were gane,
That I might die, and luf na mair!
To Jezu Christ I mak my mane,
And fadit is my yellow hair.

Sen all this folly is by went,
Out of this world I maun repair;
I pray to God Omnipotent,
To tak me, sinner, full of cair!
Finis.—Amen."

We must add the two verses of an anonymous writer, who subscribes to this addition, to Sir John Barleycorn, the not unapt signature of one of Allan's soldiers.

"Quha hes gud malt, and maks ill dnyrk,
We mot be hir werd!—
I pray to God scho rott and stynk
Sevin yhair above the end;
About hir beir na bell to clynk,
Nor clerk sing, lewid nor lerd;
Bot quytt to hell that scho may sink
The tap-tré quhill scho steird;
This hels my prayer
For that man sleig
Quhill Christ in Hevin sall heird!
Quha brewis, and glwis me of the best,
So it be stark and staill,
[Baith] quhyt and cleir, weill to degest,
In Hevin melt hir that Aill!
Lang mot scho leif, lang mot scho lest,
In lyking, and gude sall;
In hevin or end that wyfe be blest,
With out barret or ball:
Quhen scho is deid,
With outin pleid,
Scho pass to Hevin all hall."

Beautifully printed, with a characteristic frontispiece, and some judicious introductions, these *Metrical Tales* deserve notice from every lover of our olden song: and we rejoice to pay them this compliment, not merely for their own sakes, (because only 175 copies have been printed, and will be sought with an avidity equal to 1750—we put the 0 in the right place), but because we see it held out in the preface, that if they attract due notice, the patriotic and intelligent editor will think himself encouraged to proceed farther in the meritorious design of rescuing the ancient national poetry of his country from an oblivion to which every year adds a shade of darkness. We will take upon ourselves to assure him publicly, that no greater service can be done to Scottish literature; and we trust he will not abandon his right national disposition to perform it. Even by the present work he has deserved the thanks claimed by old Turberville in his *Tragical Tales*, who thus delightfully asked the boon:—

"Accept my paynes, allow me thankes,
If I deserue the same,
If not, yet lette not meaning well
Be payde with checke and blame.
For I am he that buyde the bowrs,
I hewe the hardened stone;
And thou art owner of the house,
The paine is mine alone.
I burne the bee, I hold the hyue,
The Sommer toyle is myne!
And all because when Winter comes
The honie may be thine."

But we cannot take leave of this very interesting volume without requesting notice to the tail-piece to Barleycorn:—three boors or peasants at table drinking; ploughing, reaping, thrashing, &c. in the distance on the left. The name assigned to this design is, *W. Geikie*, who the editor states is a "young artist;" and upon whose performance in this instance we shall make but a short remark: it is worthy of the highest artist in existence; and if Mr. Geikie can go on producing things of only equal aptitude and merit, he may take his place when he pleases among the most successful of the British School.

Recollections of Egypt. By the Baroness von Minutoli. With a Portrait of Mahomet Ali Pacha. 8vo. pp. 279. London, 1827. Treutzel and Co.

BARON VON MINUTOLI having published a laborious and splendid work on Egypt, which has not been transferred to the English language, we are glad to hail the little pinnacle which sailed by his side, and welcome the translation of the Baroness's Recollections. M. Malte-Brun had the gallantry to devote six or eight pages to the lady's performance in his *Annales des Voyages*; and though we cannot do quite so much, we will at least pay her the compliments of the season in as many columns. This agreeable person accompanied her husband to Alexandria in 1820, and though they did not accomplish all their design in travelling, she was enabled to see a great deal, and she has sketched many of the scenes and incidents in a very pretty manner. Of these we make our exemplary selections.

The party sailed up the Nile to Upper Egypt, and we are told: "At Keneh, we first saw some of the people called Ababdeh, a nomade tribe inhabiting the environs of Suez and the coasts of the Red Sea. Their country, which is mountainous and arid, affords them no resources for agriculture; and they accordingly employ themselves in rearing camels and sheep, which they afterwards sell on the banks of the Nile, in exchange for rice, dourrah, and tobacco. This little traffic supports their wretched existence; yet, notwithstanding their excessive poverty, which is so great that a pipe of tobacco is to them a luxury, there is no tribe of Arabs so jealous of its independence, and so passionately fond of liberty, as the Ababdeh. Their head-dress is very singular; by the help of some pounds of mutton suet, they form their hair, which is naturally very thick, into a kind of toupee, so large that the head appears three times its actual size, and it would be impossible to put a comb into it. As the smell of suet is by no means agreeable, it may be imagined that the same is the case with their head-dress, particularly in warm weather; but they overlook these trifling inconveniences, and are the more vain of this ornament, as it often costs them several days' labour to arrange it to their fancy. The remainder of their toilet appeared more neglected than their head-dress, for in truth they had dispensed themselves from every kind of vestment. It is extremely curious that my husband procured an ancient peruke found in a mummy case, exactly resembling the head-dresses of the Ababdeh and the Bereberes of the present age."

At Thebes, the Baroness observes: "There are many hyenas in the environs of Thebes, and during the night we frequently heard the howlings of these furious animals. When Europeans intend visiting a catacomb, they take the precaution of firing a pistol before they enter, in order to oblige these creatures to quit their retreat. A European, whom his great love of antiquities induced to remain in these savage dens, told us that he was sometimes visited during the night by these animals; but that, thanks to the vigilance of his dog, he had succeeded in dislodging them. I saw two of them during my stay at Alexandria, which a European had brought up and almost tamed,—at least he was able to touch them; but their natural ferocity is much more difficult to conquer than that of the lion, or even the tiger. We never met with any serpents during the whole of our journey in Upper Egypt, the season not being sufficiently advanced; for the serpents of these climates require excessive

heat, and keep under ground during the winter months. Some of them are extremely venomous, others not very dangerous, and these are supposed to be the kind which the ancient Egyptians revered as emblems of the good genius. Dr. Ricci, who had made a nine months' stay at Thebes, told me that one day taking his dinner near the catacombs, he saw ten of these animals, four or five feet in length, of a flesh colour, inclining to rose, approach and glide over some vessels filled with milk, which were on the ground, in order to drink. Their body in this most graceful position seemed to be a part of the vessel, and to form the handle, and it was doubtless in this manner that these animals gave the ancients the idea of those beautiful vases, the elegant forms of which we still endeavour to imitate. Before taking leave of Thebes, I would willingly give my readers a general view of its environs. The magnificent ruins, of which I have only given a slight sketch, are situated on both sides of the river, which is confined between the chains of the Arabian and Libyan mountains; though these mountains are barren, they have a picturesque effect by their contrast with the splendid verdure of the plain. The environs of Thebes, it is true, have none of those tufted woods which always embellish a landscape, but the whole valley resembles a verdant carpet; small groves of acacia, groups of palms and tamarinds, scattered here and there, partially conceal the superb ruins, which give a truly sublime character to the landscape. The tint of the stones of which these edifices are built; the miserable huts which are set up against their ruins, and which look like swallows' nests against the walls of a palace; the constantly azure sky; and the brilliant sun, which illumines with its splendour the places where his worship was formerly celebrated with so much pomp, add to the magic effect of the whole. But it is sunset in particular which gives new beauties to the landscape which I have been describing. The whitish limestone mountains which enclose the valley of Thebes, then assume tints of pink, violet, and purple, and present to the eye nearly the same shades as the high Alps of Switzerland. Soon, however, the twilight, so short in the countries near the tropics, envelopes with its shadowy veil the stately Thebes, and the watch-fires of the Arabs shine alone with a faint light, near the hypogeums of the ancient city."

It certainly required some degree of courage in a female to travel in these parts, as we formerly found from the narration of Mrs. Belzoni, and have heard from some of our own countrywomen who have not published their adventures. As usual, there had been some violent disputes with the reis, or captain of the vessel; and on their return, the following circumstances occurred:—"He (the reis) began to seek various excuses for prolonging the voyage. Sometimes, the air was too calm; sometimes, he dreaded the approach of the Kamsin; till, at length, our patience being exhausted, my husband ordered him, in an authoritative tone, to hoist the sails and to proceed on the voyage. The Turkish officer, though he possessed all the phlegm of his nation, seconded our just demand; the other gave an insolent reply. At length, from words they came to blows; and the Turk, the better to enforce his orders, raised his stick against the reis. The anger of this man, who was generally so mild, was the signal for a general attack; and all the Arabs in the vessel rushed at once upon the officer, threw him on the ground, pulled off his turban, and used him

with extreme violence. One moment later, and these barbarians would have consummated their brutality by some act of sanguinary violence, had not my husband and Dr. Ricci, with pistols in their hands, interposed in time to prevent this dispute from coming to a fatal issue. Their interference, and the sight of their arms, had an instantaneous effect; for the reis becoming sensible of the imprudence of his conduct, in revolting against the orders of an officer of the Pacha, ran away with several of his crew. He, however, returned in about a quarter of an hour, with a humble and repentant look; and the generosity of his adversary having interceded with my husband in his favour, order was re-established, and he prepared to obey. We had scarcely set sail, when unfortunately the Kamsin, that burning and impetuous wind, which the reis had previously announced to us, rose with much violence, and hurried on our boat in such a manner that it was in imminent danger of being dashed on the rocks which line the banks in this part. This wind is so formidable, that no boat dares to put out when it blows, and even the birds affrighted retire to their secure retreats. We proceeded with such rapidity, that we seemed to cut the air; the sky assumed a red and fiery tinge; the heavens began to be wholly darkened; the air became hot and suffocating; a cloud of burning sand blown from the bank stopped our breath, and obliged us to close our eyes and nostrils. Notwithstanding these alarming symptoms, and our desire of putting to shore, we were unable to succeed in stopping the vessel, which the wind drove forward with inconceivable swiftness. Passing with the rapidity of lightning, we saw another boat, which had been just thrown upon a sand bank, and was in a sinking state; but it was decreed that we should escape as by a miracle this imminent danger; for soon after we landed at Boulak. This wind had so greatly accelerated our voyage, that we found ourselves at the end of our course without suspecting it: we had thus made in two days a voyage which had cost us three weeks after our departure from Cairo."

But the most pleasing details in the volume are those which describe the landing at Damietta, and the reception of the travellers in the residence of Mr. Fakar. We copy it entirely, as a striking picture of manners:—

"I quitted the boat, and entered a vast saloon on the ground floor, paved with bricks, and ornamented in the Byzantine fashion. It was very lofty, and had no other covering but a lattice, over which an enormous vine spread its branches and thick foliage: happy climate where such a roof is a sufficient shelter from the inclemency of the air! I passed between two rows of servants and slaves, who were in an attitude of the most profound respect; but I soon observed that these marks of deference were less intended for me than for the master of the house, who, seeing me enter, rose and came to meet me. He was about fifty years of age, of a dignified figure, and grave deportment; he wore the oriental dress, that is, an ample silk robe, a turban, and a cachemere sash. Notwithstanding the politeness and urbanity of his manners, and my knowledge of the world, I could not help experiencing a degree of restraint and embarrassment in his presence. Women are so accustomed in Europe to the attention, and even respect and admiration of men, that a more cold and reserved reception easily makes them apprehend that their presence is not agreeable. This, however, was not the case with Mr. Basil Fakar, for I had in the sequel occasion to remark, that

this formal gravity always prevails in the East at visits received and paid, even in the circle of their nearest relations. Mr. Basil Faker is a native of the Levant, and professing the Greek religion; he is a man of learning and acknowledged merit, and has even translated into Italian several of the most esteemed Arabian authors. After the usual compliments, he conducted me to a cabinet adjoining a saloon, elegantly hung with draperies of Indian muslin, and the floor covered with a Persian carpet, and surrounded with a broad and very low divan, in the eastern fashion, the only kind of furniture in the apartment. All the servants followed us hither, and ranged themselves in two rows before their master, their eyes fixed on his person, and ready to obey the slightest indication of his will. After resting a few moments I was invited to go into the apartment prepared for me. It was a kind of pavilion, separated by a garden from the main dwelling, destined for the residence of the secretaries and men-servants, and likewise for the levees and private audiences of the consul. I passed under an arbour of honeysuckle and jessamine, which extended from one end of the garden to the other, and I saw the whole brilliant and varied kingdom of Flora blooming around me, which the goddess herself seemed to have taken pleasure in cultivating. It was truly an enchanting spot, shaded with myrtles, enormous rose laurels, fig-trees, orange-trees in full blossom, gum-trees, the delicate leaf of which resembles the gleditsia of our gardens, the flower of which emits an agreeable perfume. I then surveyed the building that I was about to enter, and which Mr. Faker had lately had built in the European fashion. The many grated windows gave it, externally, the appearance of an enormous bird cage. The interior, however, corresponded to the models which it was intended to follow, and, with the exception of a very narrow staircase, where two persons could hardly walk abreast, the whole was perfectly well arranged. A long gallery, open towards the country, like the farm houses in the canton of Berne, united the two wings of the building. How often have I admired from this gallery the magnificent sight of the setting sun, which, after shedding a flood of light on the earth, disappeared at last behind a grove of palms, gilding the horizon and the summits of the trees with a thousand rays. I was agreeably surprised, on entering my room, to find it properly furnished, even with tables and chairs, which are very uncommon in this country. There were a great many windows, being in two rows, one above another, and I counted eighteen of them. I was soon after informed that Mrs. Faker requested permission to pay me a visit; and I was preparing to anticipate her, when I was told that I should transgress the received usages by not waiting for her in my own apartment. The Eastern fashion of paying the first visit to strangers, has, in my idea, something kind and hospitable about it, which recalls the happy times of the patriarchal age, when every stranger was welcomed as a friend and a brother. When she was assured that I was alone, for Mrs. Faker did not appear in my husband's presence till a future time; she entered, followed by five or six other ladies. Though this pompous entrance might have reminded me of the goddess Calypso, surrounded by her nymphs, the ugliness of her attendants would not permit my imagination to take this poetical flight. When they had all seated themselves, I ventured on a few words of conversation, but, unfortunately, not one of the ladies

understood a word of Italian, and the progress which I had made in the Arabic language, did not go much beyond *sabakher* and *salamat*. We were therefore reduced to the necessity of conversing by signs: we commenced by surveying one another with reciprocal curiosity, and analysing, in the true female spirit, the arrangement of our toilette. That of my hostess exceeded in richness and magnificence all that I had ever seen. Her petticoat was of a rich India tissue, striped with gold; her ample robe of green velvet, beautifully embroidered with gold: this work had been done at Constantinople, as she gave me to understand; it was open in the front, and displayed her petticoat and her muslin pantaloons, likewise wrought with gold, falling over a small foot which had no covering but only a gold ring round the instep. She did not wear a chemise, and her neck was covered with a gauze so transparent as to shew the whole of the contour. So far all was well; but as to her head, it was impossible to look at it without fearing that she would sink under the weight of her grotesque head-dress. She had loaded her turban with muslin bands of all colours and an enormous quantity of flowers, diamonds, and tinsel ornaments, which gave her the appearance of an itinerant *magasin de modes*. A long veil of India muslin, strewn with spangles, was also fastened above all these, and concealed remarkably small tresses of hair and black silk which hung down behind as low as her waist, and to which were attached a quantity of small gold coins, which, at the least motion of her head, produced a jingle like the bells of our horses. She was below the middle size, and had the *embon-point* so much esteemed in the East. Her complexion had retained its clearness; but she heightened her charms by a thick coat of rouge on her cheeks, a black stripe on her eyebrows and eyelids, and an orange tinge on her nails and the palms of her hands, and on the soles and nails of her feet. The women in the East make great use of this colour, which is obtained from a tree called *henné*. Mrs. Faker is a native of Syria; her features, which may be called regular, indicated the goodness of her heart, and that calm happiness which arises from the want of the development of the intellectual faculties. When she wished to give expression to her countenance, she rolled her eyes backwards and forwards with inconceivable rapidity; it is an art which young women in the East are taught to practise, and I was assured that the men consider it as particularly pleasing. As for the women who accompanied her, they were the wife of the dragoman, a native of Constantinople, and some Turkish and Arabian females, attached to her service. It is a very general custom in the East for the mistress of the house to live on an extremely familiar footing with her domestics: I was not a little surprised on hearing that Mrs. Faker had admitted my *femme de chambre* to her table, while ceremony and etiquette reigned at that of her husband, where I was the only female who was admitted, because I was a foreigner. The company at this table was pretty numerous, consisting of the secretaries, the physician, the dragoman, and some relations of the master of the house, as well as of strangers, who frequently came upon business, Mr. Faker having a large commercial establishment. A circumstance which appeared to me very singular, and still more repugnant to my feelings, was to see a man of venerable appearance, a near relation of Mrs. Faker, waiting at

table upon her husband with every mark of profound respect. In the East, all homage is reserved for the head of the family; the deference shewn him is carried to such an excess, that his sisters and even his wife dare not sit down in his presence; in short, the master of the house is a kind of petty sovereign, who decides very despotically on the interest and liberty of the individuals attached to him by the bonds of consanguinity. What I found the most humiliating to my sex, was to see even mothers forgetting all the dignity of their character, pay respectful homage to their sons, rise in their presence, and eagerly wait upon them like slaves. These revolting abuses, which prove the usurpations of the stronger sex over the weaker, are an effect of Islamism, the influence of which will never be felt by our European women."

The breaking out of the Greek revolution prevented the travellers from fulfilling their original plan, and, in fact, they were glad to escape with many dangers, and return safe to Trieste. We have but one other passage to cite to shew that musical talent has its price in the East as well as in the North.

"At Cairo there was a famous singer whom the Europeans never called by any other name than that of the Arabian Catalani. The price which she required for her performance was worthy of the name which she had assumed; to induce her to sing, it was necessary to begin by sending her a Cachemere shawl worth a hundred Spanish piastres; when the concert was ended, she laid the whole company under contribution; and a present of small value did not always suffice, for she had the art of stimulating the self-love of the audience by proclaiming aloud the value of each present which she received."

Our friend in the essays on the Opera-House and musical folks in London, &c. would think her a regular juggler.

Memoirs of the Emperor Baber.

WE resume the Memoirs of this imperial Peeps of Asia with much pleasure, for its singular pictures of the country and age have an untiring freshness about them which renders them most acceptable to our various page. It adds to their interest, too, that only a month ago the state of Bokhara and the regions between it and India were painfully brought to recollection by the notice of Mr. Moorcroft's expedition, the fatal termination of which in the very kingdom of the Emperor Baber revived a knowledge of names and nations seldom heard of in Europe.*

In our preceding paper we brought the young prince of Ferghana to the year 902 of the Hegira, A.D. 1496-7. After a siege of seven months he entered Samarkand as a conqueror of that city and the country of Mawer-alanah; which is thus mentioned:

"As no enemy has ever stormed or conquered it, it is termed the *protected city*. Samarkand embraced Islam in the reign of Osman the Commander of the Faithful, through the means of Kásim-ibn-Abás, who visited the city. His tomb is close by the Iron-gate, and is at present denominated Mazár-i-Shah, or the Shah's tomb. The city of Samarkand was founded by Sekander.† The Moghul and

* Note.—Within the present week the notice of an embassy from Chiva, who had succeeded to the throne of Bucharia, to the Emperor of Russia, has appeared in the newspapers. Two elephants and other presents, similar to those in the days of Baber, are brought to Russia by this envoy.

† Alexander the Great.

Türki hordes term it Samarkand.* Taimur Beg made it his capital. Before Taimur Beg, no such great monarch had ever made it the seat of his government. I directed its wall to be paced round the rampart, and found that it was ten thousand six hundred paces in circumference.† The inhabitants are all orthodox Sūnnis, observant of the law, and religious. From the time of the Holy Prophet downwards, no other country has produced so many Imāms and excellent theologians as Māweralnaheer. Among these is the great Imām Sheikh Abul Mansūr Materiḍi, the eminent scriptural expositor, who was of the quarter of Materiḍ in the city of Samarkand. There are two sects of scriptural expositors, or *Aimeh Kelāmi*, the one called *Materiḍiāh*, the other *Ashaa-siah*. This Sheikh Abul Mansūr was the founder of the sect of Materiḍiāh. Another man of eminence was the Sahib Bokhārī,‡ Khwājeh Ismāel Kheratang, who was also of Māweralnaheer. The author of the Hedāya,|| too, a work in jurisprudence, than which, according to the sect of Imām-Abu Hanifeh, there is none of greater or of equal authority, was of Marghinān in Ferghāna, which is likewise included in Māweralnaheer, though it lies on the farthest bounds of the populous cultivated country. On the east it has Ferghāna and Kāshghar; on the west Bokhāra and Khwārizm; on the north Tāshkend and Shah-rokhia, which are usually written Shāsh and Benāket; and on the south Balkh and Termez. The river Kohik flows from the north of Samarkand, and passes at the distance of two kos§ from the city. Between the river and the city there is a rising ground called Kohik; and as the river flows close by the base of this hillock, it thence gets the name of the river of Kohik. A great stream, or rather a small river, separating itself from the Kohik, flows on the south of Samarkand, under the name of the river Darghām. It may be about a sharaa coss¶ from Samarkand, and the gardens and suburbs of Samarkand lie on its banks. The whole country as far as Bokhāra and Kara-kūl, which is an extent of nearly forty farsangs,** is covered with population, and the fields cultivated by irrigation from the river Kohik; which, large as it is, barely suffices for the drains made on it for the cultivation of the fields, and for the use of palaces and country-houses; inasmuch that, for three or four months during the summer heats, the waters do not reach Bokhāra. The fruits of Samarkand of every species, especially the grapes, melons, apples, and pomegranates, are of excellent quality, and produced in great abundance. Samarkand is, however, particularly famous for two kinds of fruit, the apple and a species of grape named *Sāhibi*.†† Its winter is severe, but less snow falls than at Kābul. It has a fine climate, but its summer does not equal that of Kābul."

* The Persians and Arabs call it Samarqand, the Turks Samarkand, the former using the guttural *kof*, the latter the common one.

† This would make it about five miles in circumference.

‡ Some curious anecdotes of Abu Abdal la Muhammed bin Ismael Ali Jofi may be found in D'Herbelot, Art. Bokhārī.

§ This work, written in Arabic by Burhan-ed-din Ali Marghinānī, has been translated into English by Captain Charles Hamilton, in 4 vols. 4to. Baber does not mention the famous Abu-Ali Sena (or Avicenna) a native of Bokhara.

¶ Three or four miles.

‡ Rather more than a mile and a half.

§ One hundred and sixty miles.

¶ A species of grape named *Sāhibi* is produced at the present day at Aurangabad in the Dekhan, and is in great estimation.

The finest paper in the world, and the best crimson velvet, are described as manufactures of Samarkand; whose bakers and cooks are also highly praised. The author then speaks of the adjacent province of Bokhāra.

"Bokhāra is a fine city, and has seven Tumans or districts, each of them resembling a town. Its fruits are both abundant and of good quality, particularly its melons, which are exquisite; the melons of Bokhāra are not to be equalled in all Māweralnaheer, either for quantity or excellence. Though, at Akhsi, in the country of Ferghāna, there is one extremely sweet and delicate species of melon, which they call Mir Taimūri, yet, in Bokhāra there is a profusion of melons of every description, and all good of their kind. The pruin or plum of Bokhāra is also celebrated, and nowhere else is that fruit to be found in equal perfection. They peel off the rind of this fruit, and dry it; after which it is carried as a most acceptable rarity to other countries. As a laxative, it is a medicine of approved excellence. The household fowl and goose are here of a good breed. In all Māweralnaheer there is no wine superior, in spirit and strength, to that of Bokhāra. When I drank wine at Samarkand, in the days when I had my drinking-bouts, I used the wine of Bokhāra."

The conquest of Samarkand was followed by one of those sudden reverses so common in Asiatic history. A rebellion arose, Baber's troops deserted him, and, by marching from Samarkand to relieve Andejan, he lost both, and was brought into great straits. Only between two and three hundred of his followers adhered to him, in his new fortunes, or rather misfortunes of exile and difficulty; and he says:—

"I was now reduced to a very distressed condition, and wept a great deal. I returned to Khojend, whither they sent me my mother and my grandmother, with the wives and families of several of those who had continued with me." He proceeds: "Inspired as I was with an ambition for conquest and for extensive dominion, I would not, on account of one or two defeats, sit down and look idly around me. I now repaired to Tāshkend to the Khan, in order to gain some assistance in my views on Andejan. This journey also furnished me with a pretext for seeing Shah Begum and my other relations, whom I had not seen for seven or eight years."

At the head of seven or eight hundred Moghuls he now captured a fortress called Nasukh; but was not in a condition to retain it. At this period Khosrou Shah conquered Hissar, and got possession of the Sultan of Khorasan and his family; on which the narrative continues—

"Some evil-minded counsellors advised Khosrou Shah to put all the three princes to death, and to cause the Khutbeh to be read in his own name. He did not fall into this plan, but yet, for the sake of this fleeting and faithless world, which never was, and never will be, true to any one, this thankless and ungrateful man seized Sultan Massāūd Mirza, a prince whom he himself had reared from infancy to manhood, and whose governor he had been, and blinded him by lancing his eyes. Some of the foster-brothers, clansmen, and playmates of Massāūd Mirza carried him off, with the intention of conducting him to Sultan Ali Mirza in Samarkand, and brought him to Kesh. Here discovering a plan that had been formed for attacking them, they fled, crossed the river Amu by the passage of Chehār-Jūi, and took refuge with Sultan Hussain Mirza.

Every day until the day of judgment, may a hundred thousand curses light on the head of that man who is guilty of such black treachery, and on his who plans it: let every man who hears of this action of Khosrou Shah, pour out imprecations on him; for he who hears of such a deed and does not curse him, is himself worthy to be accursed."

Baber continued with his small band to make strenuous exertions for the recovery of his dominions. This he tells with much naïveté.

"Having failed in repeated expeditions against Samarkand and Andejan, I once more returned to Khojend. Khojend is but a small place; and it is difficult for one to support two hundred retainers in it. How, then, could a man, ambitious of empire, set himself down contentedly in so insignificant a place?"

"Khojend is an inconsiderable place, from which a single Beg would have found it difficult to have supported himself. There, however, I had remained with my whole family, for a year and a half, or nearly two years. The Muslims of the place, during all that time, had strained themselves to the utmost extent of their abilities to serve me. With what face, therefore, could I return to Khojend, and, indeed what benefit could result from it?—(Türkī couplet.)

"There was no secure place for me to go to, And no place of safety for me to stay in.

In this state of irresolution and uncertainty, I went to the Ailaks, to the south of Uratipis, and spent some time in that quarter, perplexed and distracted with the hopeless state of my affairs. One day, while I remained there, Khwājeh Abul Makāram, who, like myself, was an exile and a wanderer, came to visit me. I took the opportunity of consulting him with respect to my situation and concerns,—whether it was advisable for me to remain where I was, or to go elsewhere,—what I should attempt, and what I should leave untried. He was so much affected with the state in which he found me, that he shed tears, and, after praying over me, took his departure. I myself was also extremely affected. That very day, about afternoon prayers, a horseman was despatched at the bottom of the valley. He proved to be a servant of Ali Dost Taghāi, named Yūljūk. He came with a message from his master, to inform me that he had undoubtedly offended deeply, but that he trusted to my clemency for forgiving his past offences; and that, if I would march to join him, he would deliver up Marghinān to me, and would do me such service and duty as would wipe away his past errors, and free him from his disgrace. Instantly on hearing this news, without delay, I that very moment (it was then about sunset) set out post for Marghinān. From the place where I then was to Marghinān may be a distance of twenty-four or twenty-five farsangs. That night till morning, and the next day till the time of noon-day prayers, I halted in no place whatsoever. About noon-day prayers I halted at a village of Khojend, named Tūnek-āb; and, after having refreshed our horses, and fed and watered them, we again mounted at midnight, left Tūnek-āb, rode all that night till morning, and all next day till sunset, and, just before sunrise the following morning, we came within one farsang of Marghinān. Weis Beg and some others, after considering matters, now represented to me, that Ali Dost Taghāi was one who had stickled at no crimes; that there had been no repeated interchange of messengers between us—no terms or conditions agreed

upon; with what confidence, therefore, could we put ourselves in his power? In truth, these reflections had reason on their side. I therefore halted a little, and held a consultation, when it was finally agreed, that, though our reflections were not without foundation, we had been too late of making them. We had now passed three days and three nights without rest; and we had come a distance of twenty-five farsangs without stopping; that neither man nor horse had any strength left; that there was no possibility of retreating, and, even if we could retreat, no place of safety to retire to; that, since we had come so far, we must proceed. Nothing happens but by the will of God. Reposing ourselves on His protection, we went forward. About the time of the sunset (or morning prayer), we reached the gate of the castle of Marghinân. Ali Dost Taghâi stood over the gateway, without throwing the gate open, and desired conditions. After I had assented to terms, and given him my promise, he caused the gates to be opened, and paid his respects to me, conducting me to a suitable house within the fort. The men who had accompanied me amounted, great and small, to two hundred and forty."

Here was a new turn of fortune: Baber immediately recovered his paternal kingdom of Andejân; but in consequence of issuing an ill-advised order against his enemies after he had granted them terms, the struggle recommenced, and he was again driven from his throne. In one of the battles, he records—

"Two cavaliers had a gallant combat. On my side was Samad, one of Ibrahim Sâru's younger brothers, and on the other side was Shah-sawâr, one of the Moghuls of Hissâr. They met hand to hand, and Shah-sawâr urged his blow with such force, that he drove his sabre right through Samad's helmet, and fixed it pretty deep in his skull. In spite of this wound, Samad returned the blow with such fury, that his sword shore clean off a piece of Shah-sawâr's skull as big as the palm of the hand. As Shah-sawâr had no helmet on, the wound in his head was properly bound up and he recovered; but there being nobody to attend to Samad's wound, he died of it in three or four days."

Other war anecdotes are curious enough. On besieging a place called Mâdu, it is stated: "Such a number of huge stones as were launched from the fort of Mâdu, in all the storms that I have witnessed, I never saw thrown from any other castle. Abdal Kadûs Kohbur, the elder brother of Kiteh Beg, having climbed up to the foot of the castle-wall, was hit by a large stone discharged from above, which sent him spinning down, heels over head, from that prodigious height, right forward, without touching anywhere till he lighted, tumbling and rolling, at the bottom of the glacis. Yet he received no injury, and immediately mounted his horse and returned back to the camp."

But perhaps Baber's account of his marriage is yet more characteristic.

"Aisha Sultan Begum, the daughter of Sultan Ahmed Mirza, to whom I had been betrothed in the lifetime of my father and uncle, having arrived in Khojend, I now married her, in the month of Shâban. In the first period of my being a married man, though I had no small affection for her, yet, from modesty and bashfulness, I went to her only once in ten, fifteen, or twenty days. My affection afterwards declined, and my shyness increased; inasmuch, that my mother the Khanem, used to fall upon me and scold me with great fury,

sending me off like a criminal to visit her once in a month or forty days."

We regret to add that some horribly disgusting Mahomedan vices are afterwards detailed; but we hasten to the retaking of Samarkand from the Usbeks who had captured that city under Shebaini Khan.

"One day I happened to be in the castle of Asfendek with some of my inferior nobles and officers, such as Dost Nâsir, Nevîân Gokultâsh, Kâsim Gokultâsh, Khan Kuli Kerimdâd, Sheikh Dervish, Khosrou Gokultâsh, and Miram Nâsir, who were sitting and conversing around me. The conversation turned at random on a variety of subjects. I happened to say, 'Come! let us hit on a lucky guess, and may God accomplish it! When shall we take Samarkand?' Some said, 'We shall take it in the spring, (it was then the harvest); some said in a month, some in forty days, some in twenty days. Nevîân Gokultâsh said, 'We shall take it within a fortnight;' and Almighty God verified his words, for we did take it within the fortnight. About this time I had a remarkable dream. I thought that the reverend Khwâjeh Abid-illa had come to visit me. I went out to receive him, and the Khwâjeh came in and sat down. It appeared to me that a table was spread for him, but perhaps not with sufficient attention to neatness, on which account the holy man seemed to be somewhat displeased. Mûlla Bâba observing this, made me a sign. I answered him likewise by signs, that the fault was not mine, but the person's who had spread the tablecloth. The Khwâjeh perceived what passed, and was satisfied with my excuse. When he rose to depart I attended him out. In the hall of the house, however, he seemed to seize me by the right or left arm, and lifted me up so high that one of my feet was raised from the ground, while he said to me in Türkî, *Sheikh Maslehet Berdi*, 'Your religious instructor has counselled you.' A few days after this I took Samarkand."

"For nearly a hundred and forty years, Samarkand had been the capital of my family. A foreign robber, one knew not whence he came, had seized the kingdom, which dropped from our hands. Almighty God now restored it to me, and gave me back my plundered and pillaged country."

Baber was at this time nineteen years old; and his next battle with Shebaini Khan shews that the impetuosity of youth was not withheld from him.

"I now (he says) turned my whole attention and solicitude to the approaching battle. Kamber Ali assisted me. Bâki Terkhân, with a thousand or two thousand men, had arrived in Kesh, and would have joined me in two days. Syed Muhammed Doghlet, the Mir's son, too, was advancing with a thousand or fifteen hundred men, who had been sent to my assistance by the Khan my maternal uncle; they had reached Dabûl, only four farsangs from my camp, and would have joined me next morning. Such was our situation, when I precipitated matters, and hurried on the battle:

"He who with impatient haste lays his hand on his sword,
Will afterwards gnaw that hand with his teeth from regret."

The cause of my eagerness to engage, was, that the stars called the Sahzyûldûz (or eight stars) were on that day exactly between the two armies; and if I had suffered that day to elapse, they would have continued favourable to the enemy for the space of thirteen or fourteen days. These observances were all nonsense, and my precipitation was without the

least solid excuse. In the morning, having made the troops array themselves in their armour, and caparison and cover their horses with cloth of mail, we marched out and moved towards the enemy, having drawn out the army in order of battle, with right and left wing, centre and advance."

He was routed, and tells, "The enemy now began to charge us both in front and rear, pouring in showers of arrows. The Moghul troops which had come to my assistance did not attempt to fight, but, instead of fighting, betook themselves to dismounting and plundering my own people. Nor is this a solitary instance, such is the uniform practice of these wretches the Moghuls; if they defeat the enemy they instantly seize the booty; if they are defeated, they plunder and dismount their own allies, and betide what may, carry off the spoil. The enemy who were in front made several furious attacks on me, but were worsted and driven back; they, however, rallied again and charged; the division of the enemy that had gained our rear coming up at the same time, and discharging showers of arrows on our troops. Being thus surrounded and attacked both before and behind, my men were driven from their ground. In battle, the great reliance of the Usbeks is on the Tulghmeih (or turning the enemy's flank). They never engage without using the Tulghmeih. Another of their practices is to advance and charge in front and rear, discharging their arrows at full gallop, pell-mell, chiefs and common soldiers; and, if repulsed, they in like manner retire full gallop. Only ten or fifteen persons were now left with me. The river Kohik was near at hand, the extremity of my right wing having rested upon it. We made the best of our way to it, and no sooner gained its banks than we plunged in, armed at all points both horse and man. For more than half of the ford we had a firm footing, but after that we sank beyond our depths, and were forced, for upward of a bowshot, to swim our horses, loaded as they were with their riders in armour, and their own trappings. Yet they plunged through it. On getting out of the water on the other side, we cut off our horses' heavy furniture and threw it away. When we had reached the north side of the river, we were separated from the enemy. Of all others, the wretches of Moghuls were the most active in unhorsing and stripping the stragglers. Ibrahim Terkhân, and a great number of excellent soldiers, were unhorsed, stripped, and put to death by them.

If the Moghul race were a race of angels, it is a bad race; and were the name Moghul written in gold, it would be odious.

Take care not to pluck one ear of corn from a Moghul's harvest: The Moghul seed is such, that whatever is sowed with it is exorable.

Advancing up the north side of the river Kohik, I re-crossed it in the vicinity of Kulbeh. Between the time of afternoon and evening prayers, I reached the Sheikh-zadeh's gate, and entered the citadel."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Dartmoor: a Descriptive Poem. By N. T. Carrington. 8vo. Second Edition. London, 1826.

It is with sincere pleasure that we notice this second edition of a poem the great beauties of which were allowed to remain far too long in oblivion. At length the public has been awakened to what is due to so high a talent and to its own character; and we doubt not but that this and all succeeding works by Mr. Carrington will speedily meet with the popularity they

deserve. There are considerable alterations in the new edition, and we shall be gratified if even by this brief mention of it, we may be as fortunate as by our Review of the former impression, which we flatter ourselves first induced a just sense of the author's genius, and contributed to his comparative success—for he has not yet, by any means, been encouraged to the extent of his merits.

'H KAINH ΔΙΑΘΗΚΗ. *The New Testament; with English Notes, Critical, Biographical, and Explanatory.* New Edition. 3 vols. 8vo. London, 1826.

The first edition of this work was well received. The present aims at more general usefulness, by giving the notes in English; and by incorporating much from Bishop Middleton's learned volume, as well as from the works of other able commentators. It is carefully printed by Valpy, and does great credit both to his typography and to the explicitness of the sacred text.

The Tradesman's Law Assistant and Adviser. By James Nicholls, Gent. Attorney at Law. 8vo. pp. 201. London, 1826. Butterworth.

"IGNORANCE of the law excuseth no man," said Selden long before the law was so voluminous that no man on earth can fail to be ignorant of it; but still the precept holdeth good to this day; so that woe be to him who, ignorantly, goeth to law. Should there be persons of this litigious nature, they will find Mr. Nicholls's a very serviceable book. It is well arranged, and seems to apply to all ordinary cases; and there is an alphabetical index for reference, so that any man of understanding may soon enable himself to know what course he should take when emergencies occur.

The History of Scotland from the Earliest Period to the Middle of the Ninth Century. By the Rev. Alexander Low, A.M. 8vo. pp. 498. Edinburgh, Bell and Bradfute; London, Longman and Co.; Aberdeen, Brown and Co.

This is a very excellent volume, produced with considerable labour, often taking original views, and always consulting the best authorities in a skilful manner. The style is plain and unaffected, and the author in other respects has spared no pains to give the public what was much wanted, a well-digested and well-arranged history of the ancient days of Scotland. We observe from the preface, that the Essay on which his work is founded was distinguished by the Highland Society; a foretaste of what he may safely anticipate from the general reader, as the reward of his enlarged performance.

Constable's Miscellany. Nos. I., II., III., and IV. *Hall's Voyages.* Edinburgh, A. Constable and Co.; London, Hurst, Robinson, and Co. 1826.

THIS Miscellany, projected some time ago by Mr. Constable, has been delayed by circumstances till now. Its object is to furnish standard works at a cheap rate, for readers belonging to the agricultural, mechanical, and manufacturing classes; and we observe similar projects are announced in other quarters; so that, by and by, it may be expected that books of every kind, whether republications or original treatises, &c., will be as plenty and as accessible as blackberries. For the general diffusion of intelligence there cannot be a doubt

that this is desirable; but we are not sure that great publishers and booksellers will not soon find cause to repent the practice. There must be an immense sale of such volumes to barely repay their expenses; and it seems to us likely to affect the demand for new works, and consequently the remuneration of authors most materially; since many buyers will wait for editions at some half-crown or three shillings' price, instead of paying perhaps a guinea or two for the first impressions. We will not however stop now to discuss this question: it is more the business of others than ours. Suffice it to notice, that Mr. Constable's announced list is richly improved, and promises a multitude of works which cannot fail to be popular, and to spread much valuable information among the people. Of Captain Hall's interesting Voyages, with which he has begun, we need say nothing—for often have they already extorted our warmest praises. A Life of Burns, by Mr. Lockhart; a Life of the Duke of Wellington, by Mr. Gleig, and other novelties, are advertised, and must be looked for with impatience.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 6th Jan.

PARIS was never so dull on a new year's day as this year. M. de Peyronnet's new year's gift, in the shape of a project of law on the press, threw all ranks into confusion: it is a bolder attempt at the total destruction of the press than was ever made in any age or country. Yet its author pretends it to be a law of "justice and love." A court of love must then be instituted to give it effect; it will of course vary a little from the *cours d'amour* of the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries. M. de Chateaubriand has entered the lists against his quondam colleague, and has published a letter in all the journals, of which the printers are reprinting an edition of 300,000, to be distributed gratis. The noble author takes precisely the same grounds that I took in my last letter, written at the moment the project appeared. I had indeed omitted several parts of it through haste; as, for instance, that by the project a widow cannot continue the business of a printer after her husband's death, nor even be a sleeping partner in any printing concern. What will Madame Agasse, the printer of the *Moniteur*, say to this? Her father, M. Panckouke, left her the property of the *Moniteur*—her whole fortune consists in it. Is she to be compelled to sell it at any price that may be offered for it? or, if she does not, is the *Moniteur*, the official journal of the government, to be suppressed?

A bookseller publishes a new edition of Voltaire, Rousseau, Montesquieu, or even Massillon: is it to be permitted by law, that any volume of such reprint shall be seizable? The edition would be reduced to the value of waste paper; for no one would have an incomplete copy; or the suppressed volumes would still be printed, and sold at a price proportioned to the risk and the importance of completing sets. As to the suppression of books, every attempt at it is idle; there is not one work that has been suppressed, within these ten years, which may not easily be had, on paying twice or thrice its value.* As to pamphlets, plays, &c. the project strikes their death-blow: if it be only a single sheet, the stamp duty of ten pence is levied on every copy, the same as a newspaper, and one penny on every subsequent sheet of every copy. So that an author who wishes to

publish a letter on any subject whatever, and prints 1000 copies, must, besides paper and print, begin by paying 40s. stamp duty, whether he sells all, or not a single copy. M. de Chateaubriand says, "that the project has been forged in complete ignorance of the subject, and worthy of a clerk of the eleventh century."

It must, I think, be withdrawn.

The papers, of course, do not lose sight of the subject for punning. *Timbre* means a stamp; and the participle *timbré*, stamped, and also cracked-brained. One of the puns runs: "an engraved head of M. de P. has been published—*il est timbré*." Hundreds of puns are published on the same subject.

"My law," says *timbre sec*, "will make impression." "Destroy impressions, you mean," was the reply.

The printers of Brussels rub their hands: those of Paris wipe their eyes.

The principal cause of the great American revolution was the duty on stamps.

The *Constitutionnel* says the project of the law on the press is Spanish: we know it is not French.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

THE NEW COMET.

IN the *Literary Gazette* of the 16th ulto. we first announced, from the *Kelso Mail* Newspaper, that a Mr. Veitch, residing near Kelso, and an acute astronomical observer, had discovered on the 3d a new comet in the constellation Hercules. This is now corroborated by the continental Journals, which announce that Mr. Gambard, of the Royal Observatory at Marseilles, had seen the same comet on the 27th, at four o'clock in the morning, when its right ascension was 16 hours 34 minutes, and its northern declination 218° 27'. Mr. Veitch could perceive this comet with the eye; Mr. Gambard says it could not be seen without a glass.

LONDON INSTITUTION.

ON the 2d instant, Mr. Partington commenced a course of lectures (his fifth annual one) on general science and the useful arts, at this institution; the meeting was well attended; Sir W. Blizard, Colonel Colby, and other gentlemen attached to scientific pursuits, being also present.

In setting out, the lecturer professed his purpose to be to strip science as much as possible of its technicalities. He then adverted to the importance of chemistry to a commercial nation like Great Britain; and passing from the general view, noticed that a primary object of his experimental inquiry would be the detection of adulterations; namely, those poisonous admixtures of chemical bodies with necessary articles of life, alike disgraceful to the chemist and the trader. Another class of cases, of a similar character, would occupy his attention; such as the substitution of oxalic acid for sulphate of magnesia (Epsom salts), of opium for bitter aloes, &c., and for these he would explain the most accessible tests and antidotes. The last part of the address referred to caloric, or heat; and after alluding to its prodigious effects in nature, Mr. P. ably concluded, "but if we descend to a microscopic consideration of its agency, we shall find results no less important, though certainly less obvious. Does a blade of grass vegetate, or a plant put forth its flower? Then is the solar beam in operation for the benefit of mankind."

* Three weekly numbers form a volume.

* This, however, rather shews that some new law was necessary.—*Ed.*

LITERARY AND LEARNED.
THE LATE LORD CHICHESTER AND THE
LITERARY FUND.

IN our review of the Annual Biography and Obituary, last week, we seemed (in consequence of the omission of a word) to throw undeserved blame upon the able and accurate Editor of that volume. Speaking of Lord Chichester, we said, "the writer does not seem to have been informed of the important services rendered by that nobleman to the Literary Fund—one of the best benevolent institutions in Europe:"—the word "fully" should precede the word informed; for the Editor expresses himself in so very forcible and spirited language upon this interesting subject, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting the passage.

"His lordship's opinions (he says) and public acts in this arduous department, are become the lessons of history; but a most benevolent, a highly interesting, and an extensively useful measure, of a more private, though probably of a far more permanent nature, is not so generally known, although most worthy of general notice, and eminently deserving of general praise and grateful acknowledgment. Animated with an ardent zeal for the just liberties of mankind and the best interests of his country; and satisfied that they could only be efficaciously and permanently supported by the exertions of literature, by rational discussion, and by the wise and temperate results of a free press; and glowing, at the same time, with a truly Christian benevolence for the sufferings of many gifted individuals, whose genius and learning had benefited their fellow-creatures, without providing even bread for themselves; Lord Pelham felt it to be a part of his duty, as one of the ministers of the state, to recommend the case of distressed authors to the generous humanity of the Prince of Wales. His royal highness duly appreciated the kind, judicious, and patriotic intimation, and immediately sent an annual contribution of two hundred guineas to the Literary Fund, for the aid of deserving authors in distress, and graciously condescended to become patron of that excellent institution. The same liberality is continued, now that the prince is become the monarch: and the names of the generous patron and of the intelligent adviser will together be transmitted to posterity in the grateful annals of the patriot, the poet, and the historian."

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 5.—The Hulsean prize for the last year has been adjudged to William Michael Mayers, of Catharine Hall, for his dissertation on the following subject:—*A Critical Examination of our Saviour's Discourses, with regard to the Evidence which they afford of his Divine Nature.*

The following is the subject of the Hulsean prize essay for the present year:—*The Contention between Paul and Barnabas.*

FINE ARTS.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Raffaello painting his Mistress. Painted by W. Brockedon; engraved by C. Turner.

BY some strange omission, this beautiful mezzotint print has lain beside us unnoticed for many long months:—we mean unnoticed in the *Literary Gazette*; for as a charming ornament of our portfolio, it has been admired enough. We now do it a tardy justice, by bespeaking public attention to the painter-like design and feeling of Mr. Brockedon, and the skilful transcript of both by Mr. Turner.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York, &c. Painted by A. Geddes; engraved by T. Hodgetts. Colnaghi, Son, and Co.

THIS print, from the original picture in the possession of the Duke of Rutland, and dedicated to his Grace, is a fine martial likeness of the late Commander-in-Chief. It is engraved with accordant spirit from (we believe) the last likeness for which his Royal Highness had the condescension to sit, and does justice at once to those features which Art only now can impress on the public eye, and to Mr. Geddes's reputation as a painter of striking portraits. The lateness of its publication precludes us from saying more; and we have only to add, that it comes fairly into the field to compete with Doo's admirable engraving from Sir T. Lawrence.

Sir Charles Doyle, a private engraving by the same artist of this distinguished officer, from Mrs. Carpenter's fine and able portrait, has also just appeared; and the collector is fortunate who obtains a copy of it.

His Royal Highness the Duke of York, from Mr. Jackson's Portrait. Engraved by Turner. Sams.

THIS is another, a different, and yet a fine and characteristic head of his Royal Highness. It is a timely and beautiful tribute to departed greatness and worth, and eminently deserves to divide public attention with the other most successful efforts.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE THIRTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER.

THERE came a slow but solemn sound
 Upon the midnight gale;
 Methought it was a hero's dirge,
 Or wand'ring spirit's wail:
 And oft a dreaming child would wake,
 And listen to the blast;
 Then, shuddering, would turn away,
 And marvel why it past.

Was it a hero's funeral note?
 Was it a spirit's cry?
 Nay, nay! the notes distinctly said,
 "This night the Year must die:
 And beaming eyes of beauty bright
 Will slumber in the tomb;
 Young forms scarce bursting into life
 Will wither ere they bloom.

"And childhood's hopes will fade away,
 Like flowers hid from the sun;
 And manhood's cares, and youthful joys,
 Will perish scarce begun,—
 Before again the midnight bell
 Speaks of the waning year:
 And comes a slow but solemn sound
 Upon thy listening ear."

Mute was the voice:—the moaning wind
 Rush'd onward to the sea;—
 I thought upon those fearful words,
 Those words of misery:
 But they were true;—I've seen the forms
 Rife with the summer's bloom,
 Swept by a chilly autumn blast
 Into the silent tomb.

L—e R—h, Devon, Jan. 1, 1827.

J. L.

THE VOYAGE OF LOVE.

OH haste on board!—my gallant boat,
 While skies are bright and sunbeams smile,
 Shall gaily o'er the waters float,
 And steer for Pleasure's fairy isle.

'Tis summer's prime, each bud and flow'r
 Glows upon hill and dale and grove:
 Oh seize the bright auspicious hour,
 And haste on board, and sail with Love!

Fair Hope my silken sail has wrought,
 To waft us o'er the silv'ry tides;
 Young Enterprise the rudder brought,
 Which his adventurous spirit guides.
 Upon the deck is reared a light,
 A richly canopied alcove,
 The winds are hush'd, the skies are bright:
 Oh haste on board, and sail with Love!

The Maiden heard the gentle song,
 She saw the gaily painted bark;
 The path that Prudence urged was long,
 And led through valleys drear and dark.
 The silken sails, the streamers gay,
 Have lured her truant steps to rove;
 She leaves the rough and rugged way,
 To roam o'er tranquil seas with Love.

Swiftly towards Pleasure's flowery realm
 Love's fleet and buoyant vessel flies,
 And still through sunny straits the helm
 Is boldly steered by Enterprise.

The fairy prow leaps dancing o'er
 The rippling wave by cliff and cove:
 Who would not quit the lonely shore,
 To sail to Pleasure's isle with Love?

But soon tempestuous winds arise,
 Loud roars the surge, descends the rain;
 And vainly does young Enterprise
 His rudder urge to land again.
 He turns to shore:—on pinions gay,
 While with the wheeling seas he strove,
 His wily patron speeds away—
 But she is wrecked who sailed with Love!

EMMA R—

STANZAS.

In Imitation of an Old English Poet.

I HAVE a wish, and it is this, that in some
 desert glen

It were my lot to find a spot unknown by
 selfish men;

Where I might be securely free, like Eremita
 of old,

From Worldly guile, from Woman's wile, and
 Friendships brief and cold;

And where I might, with stern delight, enjoy
 the varied form

Of Nature's mood in every rude burst of the
 thundering storm.

Then would my life, lacking fierce strife, glide
 on in dreamy gladness,

Nor would I know the cark and woe which
 come of this World's madness;

While in a row, like some poor show, its
 pageantries would pass

Without a sigh, before mine eye, as shadows
 o'er a glass.

Nonentity! these shadows be, and yet, good
 Lord! how brave

That knavish rout doth strut and flout, then
 shrink into the grave!

The wilderness breathes gentleness, these
 waters bubbling free

The gallant breeze that stirs the trees form
 Heaven's own melody;

The far-stretch'd sky, with its bright eye,
 pours forth a tide of love

On every thing that here doth spring, on all
 that glows above:

But live with Man—his dark heart scan—its
 paltry selfishness

Will shew to thee why men like me love the
 lone wilderness.

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIR OF THE DUKE OF YORK.

By the Author of Waverley.

IN the person of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, we may justly say, in the language of Scripture, "there has fallen this day in our Israel a Prince and a Great Man." He has, from an early period of his manhood, performed a most important part in public life. In the early wars of the French Revolution, he commanded the British forces on the Continent; and although we claim not for his memory the admiration due to the rare and high gifts which in our latter times must combine to form a military genius of the first order, yet it has never been disputed, that in the field his Royal Highness displayed intelligence, military skill, and his family attribute, the most unalterable courage. He had also the universal testimony of the army for his efforts to lessen the distresses of the privates, during the horrors of an unsuccessful campaign, in which he acquired, and kept to his death, the epithet of the Soldier's Friend.

But it is not on account of these early services that we now, as boldly as our poor voice may, venture to bring forward the late Duke of York's claims to the perpetual gratitude of his country. It is as the reformer and regenerator of the British army, which he brought from a state nearly allied to general contempt, to such a pitch of excellence, that we may, without much hesitation, claim for them an equality with, if not a superiority over, any troops in Europe. The Duke of York had the firmness to look into and examine the causes, which, ever since the American war, though arising out of circumstances existing long before, had gone as far to destroy the character of the British army, as the natural good materials of which it is composed would permit. The heart must have been bold that did not despair at the sight of such an Augean stable.

In the first place, our system of purchasing commissions,—itself an evil in a military point of view, and yet indispensable to the freedom of the country,—had been stretched so far as to open the way to every sort of abuse. No science was required, no service, no previous experience whatsoever; the boy, let loose from school the last week, might in the course of a month be a field-officer, if his friends were disposed to be liberal of money and influence. Others there were, against whom there could be no complaint for want of length of service, although it might be difficult to see how their experience was improved by it. It was no uncommon thing for a commission to be obtained for a child in the cradle; and when he came from college, the fortunate youth was at least a lieutenant of some standing, by dint of fair promotion. To sum up this catalogue of abuses, commissions were in some instances bestowed upon *young ladies*, when pensions could not be had. We know ourselves one fair dame who drew the pay of Captain in the — dragoons, and was probably not much less fit for the service than some who at that period actually did duty; for, as we have said, no knowledge of any kind was demanded from the young officers. If they desired to improve themselves in the elemental parts of their profession, there was no means open either of direction or of instruction. But as a zeal for knowledge rarely exists where its attainment brings no credit or advantage, the gay young men who adopted the military profession were easily led into the fashion of thinking that it was pedantry to be master even of the routine of the exercise

which they were obliged to perform. An intelligent sergeant whispered from time to time the word of command, which his captain would have been ashamed to have known without prompting; and thus the duty of the field-day was huddled over rather than performed. It was natural, under such circumstances, that the pleasures of the mess, or of the card or billiard table, should occupy too much of the leisure of those who had so few duties to perform, and that extravagance, with all its disreputable consequences, should be the characteristic of many; while others, despairing of promotion, which could only be acquired by money or influence, sunk into mere machines, performing without hope or heart a task which they had learned by rote.

To this state of things, by a succession of well-considered and effectual regulations, the Duke of York put a stop with a firm yet gentle hand. Terms of service were fixed for every rank, and neither influence nor money were permitted to force any individual forward, until he had served the necessary time in the present grade which he held. No rank short of that of the Duke of York—no courage and determination inferior to that of his Royal Highness, could have accomplished a change so important to the service, but which yet was so unfavourable to the wealthy and to the powerful, whose children and protégés had formerly found a brief way to promotion. Thus a protection was afforded to those officers who could only hope to rise by merit and length of service, while at the same time the young aspirant was compelled to discharge the duties of a subaltern before attaining the higher commissions.

In other respects, the influence of the Commander-in-Chief was found to have the same gradual and meliorating influence. The vicissitudes of real service, and the emergencies to which individuals are exposed, began to render ignorance unfashionable, as it was speedily found, that mere valour, however fiery, was unable, on such occasions, for the extrication of those engaged in them; and that they who knew their duty and discharged it, were not only most secure of victory and safety in action, but most distinguished at head-quarters, and most certain of promotion. Thus a taste for studying mathematics, and calculations applicable to war, was gradually introduced into the army, and carried by some officers to a great length; while a perfect acquaintance with the routine of the field-day was positively demanded from every officer in the service as an indispensable qualification.

His Royal Highness also introduced a species of moral discipline among the officers of our army, which has had the highest consequences on their character. Persons of the old school of Captain Plume and Captain Brazen, men who swore hard, drank deep, bilked tradesmen, and plucked pigeons, were no longer allowed to arrogate a character which they could only support by deep oaths and ready swords. If a tradesman, whose bill was unpaid by an officer, thought proper to apply to the Horse-Guards, the debtor received a letter from head-quarters, requiring to know if there existed any objections to the account, and failing his rendering a satisfactory answer, he was put on stoppages until the creditor's demand was satisfied. Repeated applications of this kind might endanger the officer's commission, which was then sold for the payment of his creditors. Other moral delinquencies were at the same time adverted to; and without maintaining an inquisitorial strictness over the officers, or taking too close inspection

of the mere gaieties and follies of youth, a complaint of any kind, implying a departure from the character of a gentleman and a man of honour, was instantly inquired into by the Commander-in-Chief, and the delinquent censured or punished, as the case seemed to require. The army was thus like a family under protection of an indulgent father, who, willing to promote merit, checks with a timely frown the temptations to license and extravagance.

The private soldiers equally engaged the attention of his Royal Highness. In the course of his superintendence of the army, a military dress, the most absurd in Europe, was altered for one easy and comfortable for the men, and suitable to the hardships they are exposed to in actual service. The severe and vexatious rules exacted about the tying of hair, and other trifling punctilios (which had been found sometimes to goad troops into mutiny), were abolished, and strict cleanliness was substituted for a Hottentot head-dress of tallow and flour. The pay of the soldier was augmented, while care was at the same time taken that it should, as far as possible, be expended in bettering his food and extending his comforts. The slightest complaint on the part of a private sentinel was as regularly inquired into, as if it had been preferred by a general officer. Lastly, the use of the cane (a brutal practice, which our officers borrowed from the Germans) was entirely prohibited; and regular corporal punishments by the sentence of a court-martial have been gradually diminished.

If, therefore, we find in the modern British officer more information, a more regular course of study, a deeper acquaintance with the principles of his profession, and a greater love for its exertions—if we find the private sentinel discharge his duty with a mind unembittered by petty vexations and regimental exactions, conscious of immunity from capricious violence, and knowing where to appeal if he sustains injury—if we find in all ranks of the army a love of their profession, and a capacity of matching themselves with the finest troops which Europe ever produced,—to the memory of his Royal Highness the Duke of York we owe this change from the state of the forces thirty years since.

The means of improving the tactics of the British army did not escape his Royal Highness's sedulous care and attention. Formerly every commanding officer manœuvred his regiment after his own fashion; and if a brigade of troops were brought together, it was very doubtful whether they could execute any one combined movement, and almost certain that they could not execute the various parts of it on the same principle. This was remedied by the system of regulations compiled by the late Sir David Dundas, and which obtained the sanction and countenance of his Royal Highness. This one circumstance, of giving a uniform principle and mode of working to the different bodies, which are after all but parts of the same great machine, was in itself one of the most distinguished services which could be rendered to a national army; and it is only surprising that, before it was introduced, the British army was able to execute any combined movements at all.

We can but notice the Duke of York's establishment near Chelsea for the orphans of soldiers, the cleanliness and discipline of which is a model for such institutions; and the Royal Military School, or College, at Sandhurst, where every species of scientific instruction is afforded to those officers whom it is desirable to qualify for the service of the staff. The excellent officers who have been formed at this institution, are the best pledge of what is due

to its founder. Again we repeat, that if the British soldier meets his foreign adversary, not only with equal courage, but with equal readiness and facility of manoeuvre—if the British officer brings against his scientific antagonist, not only his own good heart and hand, but an improved and enlightened knowledge of his profession, to the memory of the Duke of York, the army and the country owe them.

The character of his Royal Highness was admirably adapted to the task of this extended reformation in a branch of the public service on which the safety of England absolutely depended for the time. Without possessing any brilliancy, his judgment, in itself clear and steady, was inflexibly guided by honour and principle. No solicitations could make him promise what it would have been inconsistent with these principles to grant; nor could any circumstances induce him to break or elude the promise which he had once given. At the same time, his feelings, humane and kindly, were, on all possible occasions, accessible to the claims of compassion; and there occurred but rare instances of a wife widowed, or a family rendered orphans, by the death of a meritorious officer, without something being done to render their calamities more tolerable.

As a statesman, the Duke of York, from his earliest appearance in public life, was guided by the opinions of Mr. Pitt. But two circumstances are worthy of remark. First, that his Royal Highness never permitted the consideration of politics to influence him in his department of Commander-in-Chief, but gave alike to Whig as to Tory the preferment their service or their talents deserved. Secondly, in attaching himself to the party whose object it is supposed to be to strengthen the Crown, his Royal Highness would have been the last man to invade, in the slightest degree, the rights of the people. The following anecdote may be relied upon. At the table of the Commander-in-Chief, not many years since, a young officer entered into a dispute with Lieutenant-Colonel — upon the point to which military obedience ought to be carried. "If the Commander-in-Chief," said the young officer, like a second Seid, "should command me to do a thing which I knew to be civilly illegal, I should not scruple to obey him, and consider myself as relieved from all responsibility by the commands of my military superior."—"So would not I," returned the gallant and intelligent officer who maintained the opposite side of the question. "I should rather prefer the risk of being shot for disobedience, by my commanding officer, than hanged for transgressing the laws and violating the liberties of the country."—"You have answered like yourself," said his Royal Highness, whose attention had been attracted by the vivacity of the debate; "and the officer would deserve both to be shot and hanged that should act otherwise. I trust all British officers would be as unwilling to execute an illegal command, as I trust the commander-in-chief would be incapable of issuing one."

The religion of the Duke of York was sincere, and he was particularly attached to the doctrines and constitution of the Church of England. In this his Royal Highness strongly resembled his father; and, like his father, he entertained a conscientious sense of the obligations of the coronation oath, which prevented him from acquiescing in the further relaxation of the laws against Catholics. We pronounce no opinion on the justice of his Royal Highness's sentiments on this important point; but we must presume them to have

been sincerely entertained, since they were expressed at the hazard of drawing down upon his Royal Highness an odium equally strong and resentful.

In his person and countenance, the Duke of York was large, stout, and manly; he spoke rather with some of the indistinctness of utterance peculiar to his late father, than with the precision of enunciation which distinguishes the King, his royal brother. Indeed, his Royal Highness resembled his late Majesty perhaps the most of any of George III.'s descendants. His family affections were strong; and the public cannot have forgotten the pious tenderness with which he discharged the duty of watching the last days of his royal father, darkened as they were by corporeal blindness and mental incapacity. No pleasure, no business, was ever known to interrupt his regular visits to Windsor, where his unhappy parent could neither be grateful for, nor even sensible of, his unremitting attention. The same ties of affection united his Royal Highness to other members of his family, and particularly to its present Royal Head. Those who witnessed the coronation of his present Majesty will long remember, as the most interesting part of that august ceremony, the cordiality with which his Royal Highness the Duke of York performed his act of homage, and the tears of affection which were mutually shed between the royal brethren. We are aware, that under this heavy dispensation his Majesty will be chief mourner not in name only, but in all the sincerity of severed affection. The King's nearest brother in blood was also his nearest in affection; and the subject who stood next to the throne was the individual who would most willingly have laid down his life for its support.

In social intercourse the Duke of York was kind, courteous, and condescending, general attributes, we believe, of the blood royal of England, and well befitting the princes of a free country. It may be remembered, that when, in "days of youthful pride," his Royal Highness had wounded the feelings of a young nobleman, he never thought of sheltering himself behind his rank, but manfully gave reparation by receiving the (well-nigh fatal) fire of the offended party, though he declined to return it.

We would here gladly conclude the subject; but to complete a portrait, the shades as well as the lights must be inserted; and in their foibles as well as their good qualities, princes are the property of history. Occupied perpetually with official duty, which to the last period of his life he discharged with the utmost punctuality, the Duke of York was peculiarly negligent of his own affairs, and the embarrassments which arose in consequence, were considerably increased by an imprudent passion for the turf and for deep play. Those unhappy propensities exhausted the funds with which the nation supplied him liberally, and sometimes produced extremities which must have been painful to a man of temper so honourable. The exalted height of his rank, which renders it doubtless more difficult to look into and regulate domestic expenditure, together with the engrossing duties of his Royal Highness's office, may be admitted as alleviations, but not apologies for their imprudence.

A criminal passion of a different nature proved, at one part of the Duke's life, fraught with consequences likely to affect his character, destroy the confidence of the country in his efforts, and blight the fair harvest of national gratitude, for which he had toiled so hard. It

was a striking illustration of the sentiment of Shakspeare:—

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make whips to scourge us.—

The Duke of York married to Frederica, Princess Royal of Prussia, Sept. 29, 1791, lived with her on terms of decency, but not of affection; and the Duke had formed, with a female called Clarke, a connexion justifiable certainly neither by the laws of religion nor morality. Imprudently, he suffered this woman to express her wishes to him for the promotion of two or three officers, to whose preferment there could be no other objection than that they were recommended by such a person. It might doubtless have occurred to the Duke, that the solicitations of a woman like this were not likely to be disinterested; and, in fact, she seems to have favoured one or two persons as being her paramours—several for mere prospect of gain, which she had subordinate agents to hunt out for, and one or two from a real sense of good-nature and benevolence. The examination of this woman and her various profligate intimates before the House of Commons, occupied that assembly for nearly three months, and that with an intenseness of anxiety seldom equalled. The Duke of York was acquitted from the motion brought against him, by a majority of eighty; but so strong was the outcry against him without doors, so much was the nation convinced that all Mrs. Clarke said was true, and so little could they be brought to doubt that the Duke of York was a conscious and participant actor in all that person's schemes, that his Royal Highness, seeing his utility obstructed by popular prejudice, tendered to his Majesty the resignation of his office, which was accepted accordingly, March 20, 1809. And thus—as according to Solomon, a dead fly can pollute the most precious unguent—was the honourable fame, acquired by the services of a lifetime, obscured by the consequences of what the gay world would have termed a venial levity. The warning to those of birth and eminence, is of the most serious nature. This step had not been long taken, when the mist in which the question was involved began to disperse. The public accuser, in the House of Commons, Colonel Wardle, was detected in some suspicious dealings with the principal witness, Mrs. Clarke; and it was evidently expectation of gain that had brought this lady to the bar as an evidence. Next occurred, in the calm moments of retrospect, the great improbability that his Royal Highness ever could know on what terms she negotiated with those in whose favour she solicited. It may be well supposed she concealed the motive for interesting herself in such as were his own favoured rivals, and what greater probability was there, that she should explain to him her mercenary speculations, or distinguish them from the intercessions which she made upon more honourable motives? When the matter of accusation was thus reduced to his Royal Highness's having been, in two or three instances, the dupe of an artful woman, men began to see, that when once the guilt of entertaining a mistress was acknowledged, the disposition to gratify such a person, who must always exercise a natural influence over her paramour, follows as a matter of course. It was then that the public compared the extensive and lengthened train of public services, by which the Duke had distinguished himself, in the management of the army, with the trifling foible of his having granted one or two favours, not in themselves improper, at the request of a woman who had such opportu-

nicities to press her suit; and, doing to his Royal Highness the justice he well deserved, welcomed him back, in May 1811, to the situation from which he had been driven by calumny and popular prejudice.

In that high command his Royal Highness continued to manage our military affairs. During the last years of the most momentous war that ever was waged, his Royal Highness prepared the most splendid victories our annals boast, by an unceasing attention to the character and talents of the officers, and the comforts and health of the men. Trained under a system so admirable, our army seemed to increase in efficacy, power, and even in numbers, in proportion to the increasing occasion which the public had for their services. Nor is it a less praise, that when the men so disciplined returned from scenes of battle, ravaged countries, and stormed cities, they resumed the habits of private life as if they had never left them; and that of all the crimes which the criminal calendar presents, (in Scotland at least,) there are not above one or two instances in which the perpetrators have been disbanded soldiers. This is a happy change since the reduction of the army, after peace with America in 1783, which was the means of infesting the country with ruffians of every description; and in the prison of Edinburgh alone, there were six or seven disbanded soldiers under sentence of death at the same time.

This superintending care, if not the most gaudy, is amongst the most enduring flowers which will bloom over the Duke of York's tomb. It gave energy to Britain in war, and strength to her in peace. It combined tranquillity with triumph, and morality with the habits of a military life. If our soldiers have been found invincible in battle, and meritorious in peaceful society when restored to its bosom, let no Briton forget that this is owing to the paternal care of him to whose memory we here offer an imperfect tribute.

THE LYING IN STATE AND FUNERAL.*

WE record with sorrow the death of this distinguished member of the royal family. All the circumstances and actions of his life which industry (and sometimes report) could discover, have filled the public journals since that melancholy event, on Friday the 5th of this month. It is not our province to enter into these: all we have to say of the illustrious dead, and, in saying it, we believe we define his character in its truest light, is, that he was a GENUINE ENGLISHMAN.

From the deep interest felt by all classes on the subject of his funeral, and knowing that many thousands of our readers distant from the metropolis must be peculiarly anxious to be informed respecting that solemn ceremony, we have taken some pains to lay before them such an account as could only be derived from the best authorities.

It is known that his Royal Highness died at the house of his attached friend the Duke of Rutland, in Arlington Street; which, however, afforded no space nor conveniences for those funeral state ceremonials which were suited to the royal and military dignities of the deceased. The King of England, moved alike by brotherly affection and a desire to pay due honours to so distinguished a branch of his family, directed that his own palace of St. James's

should be devoted to this occasion; than which it is impossible to imagine any building more finely constructed to display the last sad scene of mortal greatness.

The splendid suite of state-rooms which we have described on happier events, are now appropriated for the lying in state of his Royal Highness's remains, which are to be removed thither from Arlington Street on Wednesday next for that purpose; and on Thursday and Friday the public are to be admitted.

The room where the coffin is to be placed is the large new room at the eastern end of the palace—that used for assembling the company on levee and drawing-room days, and occasionally as a ball-room—such are the different destinations of palaces and caravanserais! This spacious apartment (we believe between 60 and 70 feet in length by nearly 35 in breadth,) will be fitted up as a vaulted chamber, composed of sweeping black draperies, springing from a magnificent pendant formed in the centre of the ceiling around the chain of the grand lustre. This pendant, of cloth and feathers, will have the striking effect which is produced by the like forms in the beautiful ceilings of Henry VII.'s Chapel, Westminster, and King's College, Cambridge; whence we presume the hint has been taken, and than which nothing could be more appropriate. The draperies will fall from this down the sides of the apartment to the floor; and around will be placed the armorial bearings immediately belonging to His Royal Highness as Duke of York and Commander-in-chief of the British army. [We understand that it has been his Majesty's own direction, that the tribute paid to his lamented brother should in an especial manner appertain to his character as a British soldier and a man of the highest military rank.] At the east end of the room, on a raised platform of two steps, and under a canopy of state, the coffin will be placed, surmounted by heraldic and military banners. At the head will be seated an officer of state, and on each side two gentlemen ushers. On the ground behind the latter will be long silver candlesticks bearing tapers, and the chamber further illuminated by other lights and by large silver sconces about the walls. A railing will complete this division of the room, occupying the space to the centre door, through which the public will retire, having been admitted at the further or western extremity, and walking up to the melancholy dais.—We ought to have mentioned, that the superb lustre in the centre will be fully lighted; and that, of course, every window will be completely shut,—so that the whole effect of the deep black and almost tent-like shaped draperies, with objects of the most affecting interest only rendered visible by light not of day, cannot fail to impress on the mind of the beholder a sensible feeling of the grandeur and instability of mortal greatness.

We should now (as giving information to our readers) revert to the entrance. The visitors to this silent farewell of a beloved Prince will be admitted through the hall, on court occasions appropriated to those who have the privilege of the *entree*, (the Ambassador's Court). Proceeding through the chapel gallery and the new gallery, both hung, as well as the staircase, with black drapery in mantle and banner forms, they will enter the chamber where the remains are laid. The return is by the centre door already mentioned, through the presence chamber and the guard-chamber, both draped in a suitable manner. The draperies in the latter chamber are so arranged as to display the armour and arms always exposed on the

walls, and now so appropriate to the spectacle in which the principal object is the latest commemoration of one so dear to British soldiers.

This ceremony over, early on Saturday morning (as near as may be to eight o'clock) the funeral procession will move from this palace to St. George's Chapel, Windsor. It is arranged to proceed up St. James's Street, Piccadilly, and along the high road by Knightsbridge, Kensington, &c., resting at Cranford Bridge. It will probably reach Windsor about ten o'clock; and the interment will take place at midnight. It will be a grand military march, attended by all the troops which the circumstances of the times admit of being brought together. The first portion will be entirely military; then mourning coaches containing the civil officers, &c. of his Majesty, the domestics of H. R. H., and the executors (Sir Herbert Taylor and Colonel Stephenson, as we are informed). Immediately preceding the hearse will be the carriage of the deceased, bearing his coronet on a cushion. The hearse itself will, for the first time, be drawn by eight of the King's black Hanoverian horses. We could wish that, instead of that vehicle common to all, it were, in this instance, a proper funeral car, more significant of a Soldier's burial. But whatever it may be, it is to be followed by his Majesty's state carriage, the carriages of the several branches of the royal family, and of such other eminent persons as can be allowed to shew this mark of respect to departed royalty and goodness. Heralds and troops will flank the whole procession, and bring up the rear.

At Windsor the body will be received by the dignitaries of the church, as is customary, and deposited in the royal vault of George III., in St. George's Chapel. While the service is performing, his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, as chief mourner, will be seated at the head of the coffin: the Dukes of Wellington, Rutland, Dorset, Newcastle, and the other noblemen who are pall-bearers, on either side. At the conclusion, the coffin, which is very heavy, will be lowered into the vault by the machine invented by the late Mr. Wyatt for interring Lord Nelson, and moved at once into the niche destined for its final reception. Garter King at Arms will at this moment proclaim the Royal Duke's style; and thus will terminate his all of earthly affections and greatness, except what a sorrowing family, many sincere friends, and many attached adherents, retain of the former, and what a grateful army, an approving country, and impartial history, will cherish of the latter.

MISS ELIZABETH BENDER.

ON Tuesday morning, January 9th, died, after a short illness, deeply regretted, Elizabeth O. Bender, author of several interesting and popular works, chiefly biographical and historical.

This admirable and excellent woman, a rare instance of female genius struggling into day through obstacles which might well have daunted even the bolder energies of manly enterprise, was born at the city of Wells, in 1778. Her father, late in life, was impelled by an adventurous disposition to enter the navy, and ultimately became a purser. The vicissitudes of his fortune occasioned, during many years, a distressing fluctuation in the plans and prospects of his wife and daughter; and his death abroad, in 1796, left them finally with a slender provision. For some years after this event, Miss Bender resided with her mother in Wiltshire, where she had many affectionate

* This article, which we append to the admirable sketch by the Author of Waverley, was written before we received that memoir: it will be perused with deep interest, as the only account yet published of the approaching solemn national spectacle.—*Ed. Lit. Gaz.*

friends and relations who never lost sight of her.

An ardour for knowledge, a passion for literary distinction, disclosed itself in her early childhood, and never left her. Her connexions were not literary; and her sex, no less than her situation, debarred her from the means of mental cultivation. The friend who traces this imperfect sketch has heard her relate, that in the want of books which she at one time suffered, it was her common practice to plant herself at the window of the only bookseller's shop in the little town which she then inhabited, to read the open pages of the new publications there displayed, and to return again, day after day, to examine whether, by good fortune, a leaf of any of them might have been turned over. But the bent of her mind was so decided, that a judicious though unlearned friend prevailed upon her mother at length to indulge it; and about the age of twelve, she was sent to a boy's school to be instructed in Latin. At fifteen she wrote and published a poem, in which, imperfect as it necessarily was, marks of opening genius were discovered.

At length, about 1802, she prevailed upon her mother to remove to London, where, principally through the zealous friendship of Miss Sarah Wesley, who had already discovered her in her solitude, she almost immediately found herself ushered into society where her merit was fully appreciated and warmly fostered. The late Dr. George Gregory, well known in the literary world, and his valued and excellent wife, were soon amongst the firmest and most affectionate of her friends. By them she was gratified with an introduction to Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, of whom she gave, many years afterwards, so interesting a memoir; and soon after, to Mrs. Barbauld, and to the late Dr. Aikin, with the various members of whose family, and especially with her who now inscribes, with an aching heart, this feeble record of her genius and virtues, she contracted an affectionate intimacy, never interrupted through a period of more than twenty years, and destined to know but one termination. Another and most valuable connexion which she soon after formed, was with the family of R. Smirke, Esq. R. A., in whose accomplished daughter she found a friend whose offices of love followed her without remission to the last.

Many other names, amongst which that of Mrs. Joanna Baillie must not be forgotten, might be added to the list of those who delighted in her society, and took an interest in her happiness. Her circle of acquaintance extended with her fame, and she was often able to assemble round her humble tea-table, names whose celebrity would have attracted attention in the proudest saloons of the metropolis.

Early in her literary career, Miss Benger was induced to fix her hopes of fame upon the drama, for which her genius appeared in many respects peculiarly adapted; but after ample experience of the anxieties, delays, and disappointments, which in this age sicken the heart of almost every candidate for celebrity in this department, she tried her powers in other attempts, and produced first her poem on the Abolition of the Slave Trade, and afterwards two novels published anonymously. All these productions had great merit, but wanted something of regular and finished excellence; and her success was not decided till she embarked in biography, and produced in succession her *Memoirs of Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton*, *Memoirs of John Galt*, and *Notices of Klopstock and his Friends*, prefixed to a translation of their

Letters from the German; and finally rising to the department of history, her *Life of Anne Boleyn*, and *Memoirs of Mary Queen of Scots* and of the Queen of Bohemia. All these works attained deserved popularity; and she would probably have added to her reputation by the *Memoirs of Henry IV. of France*, had longer life been lent her for their completion.

But to those who knew her and enjoyed her friendship, her writings, eloquent and beautiful as they are, were the smallest part of her merit and her attraction. To the warmest, most affectionate, and grateful of human hearts, she united the utmost delicacy and nobleness of sentiment, active benevolence which knew no limits but the furthest extent of her ability, and a boundless enthusiasm for the good and fair wherever she discovered them. Her lively imagination lent an inexpressible charm to her conversation, which was heightened by an intuitive discernment of character, rare in itself, and still more so in combination with such activity of fancy and ardency of feeling. As a companion, whether for the graver or the gayer hour, she had few equals; and her perfect kindness of heart and universal sympathy rendered her the favourite of both sexes, and all classes and ages. With so much to admire and love, she had every thing to esteem. Of envy or jealousy there was not a trace in her composition; her probity, veracity, and honour, derived, as she gratefully acknowledged, from the early precepts of an excellent and meritorious mother, were perfect. Though free from pride, her sense of dignity was such, that no one could fix upon her the slightest obligation capable of lowering her in any eyes; and her generous propensity to seek those most who needed her friendship, rendered her in the intercourse of society oftener the obliger than the party obliged. No one was more just to the characters of others; no one more candid; no one more worthy of confidence of every kind.

Lamented as she must long and painfully be by all who truly knew her excellencies, they cannot but admit that their regrets are selfish. To her the pains of sensibility were dealt in even larger measure than its joys:—she was tried by cares, privations, and disappointments, and not seldom by unfeeling slights and thankless neglect. The infirmity of her constitution rendered life to her a long disease. Old age would have found her solitary and unprovided; now she has taken the wings of the dove, to flee away and be at rest.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

Traditions of the Western Highlands.

NO. VI.—MACMASTER.

IN the end of the fifteenth century the Lord of the Isles held his court at the castle of Aros, now a ruin, on the eastern shore of Mull. He was attended by a numerous retinue; and tradition says, that he wore a scarlet petticoat to distinguish him from the other thanes and chiefs, the colour of whose coats was white. They were all shoeless, though it is probable they may have worn sandals. Intrigue and ambition, however, prevailed among them as much as in more polished courts. The great man had been indisposed, and had, it seems, taken medicine. MacMaster, Laird of Ardgour, was ushered into the hall of audience, which was separated from Macdonald's bedroom by a cloth screen only. The officers of that department had neglected their duty on this occasion, and poor old MacMaster's olfac-

tory organs were saluted by something very different from the otto of roses: he sniffed, and uttered the expressive exclamation, *Ab! ab!* Macdonald was behind the screen, but heard MacMaster's ejaculation.

The spoils of eastern Nabobs and of distant colonies were not then reserved for the younger sons of the great; and many were the candidates for the smiles of the Highland prince at that time. Among others was the younger son of Maclean of Duart, a soldier of fortune. He happened to be introduced immediately after MacMaster had departed; and he soon expressed his hope, that the Lord of the Isles would bestow on him some solid mark of his favour. Macdonald quickly replied, that he should "leap the wall where it was lowest," and dispossess *Ab, ab*, of his lands.

Poor MacMaster was old and childless, and his words had given offence to the haughty chief. Young Maclean soon availed himself of the license he had obtained, and began to molest the Laird of Ardgour, who made a brave and obstinate defence. Many battles were fought between them; but the unhappy old chief was at last completely defeated; and he made his way to the well-known Strait of Corran, where he had, in the days of his better fortune, placed a confidential man in the important office of ferryman. This fellow had been left an orphan in early life, and he was bred in MacMaster's kitchen. He had professed much gratitude to his benefactor when he needed not his assistance; but adversity had now come upon him, and the villain betrayed him. MacMaster was pursued by the conqueror, and the ferryman of Corran could alone save him; but he refused to convey him across Lochiel, and the aged chief was taken. Maclean spared MacMaster's life, on the intercession of his fair and amiable niece; but he seized on his estates. He, however, instantly hanged the ferryman, in detestation of his ingratitude. His name was *MacChurischlich*, harsh and discordant like its owner; and we believe it ended with himself. When a Highlander wishes to express his abhorrence at an ungrateful act, he compares it to "the mercy of MacChurischlich to MacMaster."

DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

ON Monday, Kean resumed his situation at this theatre, in the character of *Shylock*. He appears to have suffered from illness. His powers of voice are somewhat weakened, and his energy is slightly abated; but he played with great care and judgment, and was rewarded with thunders of applause. After the play he was called forward to make his obeisance to his friends, but he had the good sense not to address them: he merely bowed repeatedly, and retired. The house was crowded to excess. At the rise of the curtain there were only five females in the pit.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON Tuesday a new five-act comedy (a *rara avis* in these degenerate days) was performed for the first time, called *A School for Green Children*. It is the acknowledged production of Mr. Morton; but we are compelled to say that it is by no means equal to many other comedies from the same prolific and successful source. As a dramatic writer, Mr. Morton was distinguished formerly for the admirable arrangement of his plots; the whimsicality of the situations into which he threw his principal characters; and the strong interest he never

failed to excite for the fortunes and the misfortunes of persons in humble life. In the play before us, we look in vain for these excellencies. The incidents do not work well together. The situations which are the most effective are broad farce (that of the regatta and the dance is something worse), and the whole family of the *Ryelanders* are so excessively moral in their conversation, that we are under no apprehension of their falling into difficulties or temptation. The *School for Grown Children* has three separate interests. The first turns upon the efforts of an old Nabob to reclaim an extravagant son; and the method he adopts is to exhibit in his own person similar vices and excesses, that the young man may become disgusted, and abandon his ruinous course of life. The second arises out of the domestic differences between *Sir Arthur Stanmore* and his lady—an indulgent husband, and a capricious wife: and the third is founded upon the love of *Frank Ryeland* for *Fanny Bloomfield*, and the distress into which he is thrown by losing at hazard a sum of money which was to discharge the debts of his late father. The dialogue of the more comic scenes is written with some point, and considerable spirit. Some of the repartees were received with warm and well-merited applause by the audience. The speeches of the sentimental characters, as we observed before, are, on the other hand, too long and prosy; there is too much of the Joseph Surface in all of them; and the same talk about virtue, and honour, and independence, is too often repeated. Some of the satirical touches, however, relating to the hardness of the times, the price of corn, and the habits of a farmer's life, were in better taste, and "told" well. The performers were not sparing in their exertions, and may justly claim a great share in the success of the comedy. Farren has one of those characters allotted him in which he is uniformly excellent. It is difficult indeed to decide in which portions of the character he was most at home. Whether as the testy old Indian, reproving the vices of youth; or as the "withered elder," endeavouring in dress, manners, and pursuits, to give an extravagant imitation of them,—the whole of his performance is worthy of the highest commendation; but we wish, for the sake both of the author and the actor, that the dance had been omitted: the situation is quite *infra dig.*, either for a comedy or a comedian. C. Kemble had but a poor part, but he did his best to make it of some consequence. We should be better pleased with him in these "coat and waistcoat" plays, if he would learn to dress a little better. In plain clothes, and with a round hat, he rarely looks sufficiently like a gentleman. Jones had a great deal to do, and, as he always does, did it well. He is by far the best "first night" actor we ever saw—always lively, spirited, and perfect. Of this gentleman's not taking the trouble to dress himself we cannot complain, as we believe that in the course of the evening he wore as many as five different suits of clothes. Keely played a Yorkshire servant with some humour; and Serle was better than usual in the sinning, sentimental peasant. The ladies were in great force. Mrs. Chatterly and Miss Chester glittered in satins and silver. The former was the "pleasing" wife, and the latter the "teasing" one; and they nodded, their lofty plumes against each other in the most complacent and affected manner. Mrs. Glover was very clever in the farmer's widow; and her daughter, Miss M. Glover, was a pleasing representative of a rural belle. The scenery was new and splendid.

There was neither prologue nor epilogue; but there was a clever sort of "tag," which brought down the green curtain and the applause together. The whole was most favourably received.

VARIETIES.

The *Island of Teneriffe* has been visited by a dreadful tempest, by which many lives were lost, and not only the face of the country greatly changed, but the summits of the celebrated *Peak* itself broken into chasms and much altered in form. One account states its altitude to have been lowered by the fall of the topmost rocks.

Botany.—The celebrated Dutch naturalist Dr. C. C. Blume has safely returned to Europe, after nine years' residence in the island of Java. Favoured by circumstances, and devoting himself with indefatigable zeal to the natural history of that remarkable island, he has brought home immense collections of natural productions of every kind: and when we recollect how little this branch of science, connected with the Dutch possessions in India, has been cultivated since the time of Rumpf and Rheede, and how unfortunate the more recent laudable endeavours of Messrs. Kuhl and Van Hasselt, as well as those of the English naturalists Arnold and Jack, proved, in consequence of the fatal influence of the climate, we may congratulate ourselves on the safe return of this able naturalist. It may be expected that he will publish an extensive work on the Botany of the Dutch East India Colonies. Dr. Blume, who is a pupil of Bruggmann, has already published at Batavia, as a precursor of his great work, a view of the vegetable kingdom in Java, in fifteen Nos., which sufficiently prove the value of his discoveries, and authorise the highest hopes of his more elaborate work.

Fine Arts: Lithochromy.—A French paper thus describes an exhibition of about a hundred pictures (if pictures they may be called) which are on sale, at Paris, at various prices, from eight to fifty francs each, "according to the size!"—"Among the numerous methods which have been invented of diffusing the enchanting effects of painting, the new process called *Lithochromy* deserves a high rank. By this ingenious process, the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the great masters may be multiplied to infinity, upon cloth, in oil, by the agency of printing, retaining all the perfections of the originals. After numerous and expensive experiments, this process has at length become the rival of the art of which it will extend the renown. Thanks to this discovery, one of the most fortunate of the present age, every body may now ornament his dwelling, at a moderate price, with copies of the most celebrated productions of the various schools. Lithography had already equalled, and in some respects excelled, the efforts of the porte-crayon and the graver; but the splendour of colouring, the mingled result of delicacy of tint and depth of shadow, and all the other beauties of painting, were reserved for lithochromy; which has attained to such excellence, that experienced artists and connoisseurs mistake the copies for the originals." There can be no doubt that all this is "fudge!"

An Institute of Science, Arts, and Literature, has been established in Mexico.

Edinburgh.—A view of the singularly picturesque and romantic capital of the northern part of the island, painted by M. Daguerre,

is one of the present subjects of the Diorama at Paris; and will no doubt thence be transferred to the Regent's Park.

Book Sales.—The ensuing season will be of extraordinary interest to book buyers, in consequence of the number of fine libraries which are to come under the hammer. Among these are Lord Gifford's, the Rev. Henry Drury's (of Harrow), the Rev. Mr. Williams's (of Hendon), the late Mr. Dent's, Mr. Combe's, Dr. Noehden's, Dr. Parr's, George Chalmers's, &c.; theatrical works belonging to Mr. John Field and Mr. Thorpe; a large portion of Messrs. Rivington's miscellaneous stock, &c. &c. Out of these, one of the best collections in England might be formed.

Edinburgh.—His Majesty recently presented five hundred pounds towards completing the building for the High School of Edinburgh.

French Receipt for Dressing a Mutton Chop.—Wrap it up in a sheet of the *Mediateur* (Mediator), in three minutes it will be done; if it remains five it will be burnt to a cinder.

An Anticipatory Wish.—A lady made a Christmas present to an old servant a few days before it might have been expected. It was gratefully received, with the following Hibernian expression of thanks: "I am very much obliged to you, indeed, ma'am; and wish you many returns of the season before it comes!"

Roman Law.—The Institutes of Gaius, recently discovered in Italy, by the learned men of Germany, is precisely the elementary book of the Roman law, which at Rome the professors (*antecessores*) used to put into the hands of youth; and indeed it was from the Institutes of Gaius, that Justinian derived the greater part of those which bear his name. They were little known to the moderns, except by scattered fragments in the Digest, and by what the *Breviarium Alaricianum* contained of them; when, in the year 1816, M. Niebuhr deciphered from a palimpsest in the library of the Chapter of Verona, the early pages of the book, which was ultimately entirely restored by the labours of Messrs. Goeschen, Bekker, and Holweg. Immediately after the publication of this discovery, this new classic, (which exhibited the elements of a legislation three centuries prior to that of Justinian, and of which the various branches ceased to be in harmony when that emperor introduced into it a heap of innovations, some of which were inconsistent with its ancient principles), was adopted in teaching the Roman law. The difficulties of the text to students are, however, considerable. M. Boulet, a Parisian advocate, has published a translation of the work into French, with explanatory notes, and with conjectural fillings up of several little gaps which still exist in the original.

M. Denon.—A medal of this distinguished man has been struck at Paris, which is said to unite perfect resemblance with considerable skill in execution.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the press, *Tales of Welsh Society and Scenery*; containing many Descriptions of the Manners and Holiday Pastimes of the Natives in the Upland Districts of the Principality.

Preparing for publication, *A Reply*, by W. Carpenter, to the Accusations of Piracy and Plagiarism exhibited against the Author in the Christian Remembrancer, in a Review of "Horne and Carpenter's Introductions to the Study of the Holy Scriptures." This pamphlet, it is announced, will contain some curious information on the art and mystery of book-making, as exemplified in the Rev. T. H. Horne's Critical Introduction to the Study of the Scriptures.

Dr. Hooker and Dr. Greville are preparing a new Botanical Work, of which the first fasciculus, in folio, with 20 plates, will be published almost immediately.

In the press, a volume of Miscellaneous Poems, called *Moods and Tenses*, by One of Us.

There is preparing for publication, the first Number of a Quarterly Naval and Military Magazine. History.—A work interesting to the lovers of history has just appeared at Paris, entitled, *Unpublished Letters of Henry the Second, Anne of Poitiers, Mary Stuart, &c.* followed by *Unpublished Letters of Louis the Sixteenth and Marie-Antoinette*. We have ourselves some curious MS. Letters of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, which we may probably take opportunities to present to our readers in the course of the present year.

Mr. Hood, the author of "Whims and Oddities," has a Series of Tales in the course of publication. The King of the Netherlands has invited the literary of that country to enter into a competition for its general history. The author of the best plan is to be appointed Royal Historiographer, and to complete his work from national documents. Other able candidates are to be rewarded. His Majesty is a great encourager of learning; the Java botanical work, mentioned in another paragraph, is also magnificently patronised by the monarch.

Mr. Gifford's Library.—We are informed that Mr. Gifford has bequeathed his curious library to Dr. Ireland and Mr. Heber.

History of Greece.—It is stated that Mr. Grote junior, of the banking-house of Grote, Prescott, and Co., has made great progress in a new History of Greece, in which the literature, science, and arts of that country are treated of in a much more detailed and prominent manner than in Dr. Mitford's work, which is more of a political nature. Henry VIII.—At the last meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, was presented by Mr. MacLanck an account of a MS. containing the expenses of the privy purse of King Henry VIII. from 1529 to 1533, in the possession of Mr. Pickering, of Chancery Lane, and containing very curious and interesting particulars illustrative of the manners, customs, amusements, and expenses of the times: from which it appears that the king lived in great magnificence, having at least twelve palaces. He lost much at games, and was also very charitable. Some singular items occur: such as sending an express to Calais for a bottle of salad oil for the king—a reward to the servant that made the king's puddings, &c. &c. In this work every month's account is examined and signed by the king. Of this highly interesting MS. we understand it is intended shortly to publish a limited impression, uniformly with the Northumberland Household Book, under the care of the indefatigable antiquary Mr. Nicholas.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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January.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday . . . 4	From 12.5 to 27.	29.50 to 29.60
Friday . . . 5	— 25. — 30.	29.90 — 30.13
Saturday . . . 6	— 24. — 37.	30.16 — 30.10
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Tuesday . . . 9	— 39. — 48.	29.70 — 29.85
Wednesday 10	— 37. — 49.	29.70 — 29.29

Wind N. and N.W. till the 6th; since, S.W. Clear and frosty on the 4th and 5th; since, generally cloudy, with rain at times.

The quantity of rain cannot be given this week: the extreme cold of the early part of the week having burst the pluviometer.

Edinburgh. CHARLES H. ADAMS.
Latitude 51° 37' 39" N.
Longitude 0 3 31 W. of Greenwich.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * The excellent biographical memoir of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, which we have derived from *The Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, and which we can state to be written by the Author of *Waverley*—the account of preparations for the coronation of lying in state and the funeral, which are from sources peculiar to ourselves;—the memoir of Miss Benger, and other topics of pressing public interest which occupy our pages to-day, must excuse us for postponing many articles intended for publication, and among others the conclusion of the paper on the Italian Opera.

P. de C.—is entirely a personal subject.
J.—will write much better anon.
A. W. is only recollecting a fine old song:—
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* * * The next Number, for February, will contain a Memoir of striking Likeness of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York.

Royal Institution of Great Britain.

Albemarle Street, 1827 Dec. 1826.

THE WEEKLY EVENING MEETINGS

of the Members of the Royal Institution will commence for the ensuing Season on Friday the 19th of January, 1827, at half-past Eight o'clock, and will be continued on each succeeding Friday Evening, at the same hour, till further notice.

The Library of the Royal Institution will be open for the use of the Members and Subscribers, every Evening on Friday Evening, from the 1st of January, till Ten o'clock, from the 1st of January to the 1st of August, 1827, except on Friday Evenings, when the Members and their Friends are alone entitled to admission.

The Members and Subscribers are informed that the Public Lectures in the Theatre of this Institution will commence on Saturday the 2d of February next, at Three o'clock in the afternoon.

The following Arrangements have already been made:—

Experimental Chemistry.—On the Elementary Principles of Chemical Science, and on their application to some of the objects of Analytical Inquiry. By William Thomas Brande, Esq. F.R.S. Lond. and Edinb. Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution. To commence on Saturday the 2d of February, at Three o'clock, and to be continued on each succeeding Saturday, at the same hour, till further notice. Mr. Brande's Course will be succeeded by a short Course of Lectures on some general points of

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Painting. The Managers are endeavouring to make arrangements for the delivery of a Course of Lectures on this subject by an eminent Artist, after Easter.

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